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THE
MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS

OF
DR. ^{Oliver} GOLDSMITH

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

CONTAINING

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, THE VICAR OF
WAKEFIELD, ESSAYS, POEMS AND
PLAYS.

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VOL. IV.  
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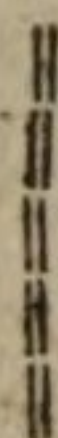
POETICAL PIECES:

CONSISTING OF

THE TRAVELLER

THE DESERTED

VILLAGE



RETALIATION,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

POSTAL RECEIPT

CONSTITUTION

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE
TRAVELLER
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

THE
TRAVELLER
OF
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication ; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have en-

DEDICATION TO

tered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers but few ; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgements produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. And as they offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her ; they engross all favour to themselves, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve

it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art, still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgement, and destroys the taste. A mind capable of relishing general beauty, when once infected with this disease, can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of Poet; his lampoons are called fatires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I much solicitous

to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in other states, though differently governed from our own; that each state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each state, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I AM, SIR

YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

TRAVELLER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, flow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies :
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
Or drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling, guardian faints attend ;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;

Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care !
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When this creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine !
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye, fields, where summer spreads profusion round,

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies :
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

Yet, where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Blodly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease ;
The naked savage, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor less the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share ;

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her blifs at Labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is suppli'd
On Idra's cliff, as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom turn to beds of down.

From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, splendour, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view these truths with closer eyes
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Her uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;

While oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur, marks the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,
Men seem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all their manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs ; nor far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the
state ;

At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
The canvas glow'd beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her sail ;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.

Yet still the loss of wealth is more supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find,
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade ;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd.
The sports of children satisfy the child ;
At sports like these, while foreign arms advance,
In passive ease they leave the world to chance.
When noble aims have suffer'd long controul,
They sink at last, or feebly man the foul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meannesses occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring, man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them ; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;

No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the foldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly soothes the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed :
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breaks the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his ventrous plough-share to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the blifs his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
These are the charms, to barren states assign'd,
Their wants are few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
Since every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
'Till, buried in debauch, the blifs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :

For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd their manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart :
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest,
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks and charm
our way,

These far disper'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
We turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill :
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bright a life these thoughtsless realms display ;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away ;
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.

Honour that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleas'd they give to get esteem,
'Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while their softer art their blifs supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly fought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought :
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with taudry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies ;
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the proud ocean leans upon the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride ;
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to go ;

Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
While the pent Ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The flow canal the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it and the rich man buys ;
A land of tyrants and a den of slaves.
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that steep beneath the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic fires of old !
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
War in each breast and freedom in each brow ;
How much unlike the sons of Britan now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britian courts the western spring ;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand ;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But fostered even by Freedom, ills annoy ;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All kindred-claims that soften life, unknown :
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Whilst over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stopt, or phrensy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As social bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown :
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
That land of scholars, and that nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot claim,
And monarch's toil, and poets pant for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire !
And thou, Fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure ;
For just experience tells in every foil,
That those who think, must govern those that toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each ;
Much on the low, the rest, as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise ;
While, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms ;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge now penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law :
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopl'd shore,
Her useful son's exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste :
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And, over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall :

Beheld the duteous son, the fire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

Ev'n now, perhaps as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways ;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a fond look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind :
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant-kings, or tyrant-laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,

To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

THE END OF THE TRAVELLER

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE

TO
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found

in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written ; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to disp'ay. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating or not ; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country. I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages ; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out

of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I AM, DEAR SIR,

YOUR SINCERE FRIEND AND ARDENT ADMIRER,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

of justice the other side of the question
to say for the sake of justice and
world, justice will be in the right

1 AM. 1848

For the friends of the cause of
the poor and the oppressed
of the world
and the friends of the cause of
the poor and the oppressed
of the world

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty chear the labouring
 fwain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cote, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made :
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gamble frolick'd o'er the ground,
And flights of art and feats of strength went round :
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
The dancing pair that simply fought renown
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village ; sports like
these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are
fled.

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn :
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain :
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choaked with sedges, works its weedy way ;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries :
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more ;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;

These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
Trace every scene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
My anxious day to husband near the close,
And keep life's flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw :
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine.
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;

Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from his gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences e're the world be past !
Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale ;
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled ;
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;

She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep 'till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
'The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows
wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place,
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrine's fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain :
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,

Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learnt to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile ;

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was and stern to view,
I knew him well and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still ;

While words of learned length and thund'ring
 found,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew,
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place :
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! Could not all
Reprive the tottering mansion from its fall !

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay.
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd :
Space for his lake, his parks' extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken floth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :
But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress ;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,

But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize ;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And, while he sinks without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade :
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign,
Here richly deckt admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare ;

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies ;
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn :
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
snow'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the lov'liest
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens doors they ask a little bread !

Ah ! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore :
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
day,

That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their
last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,
For feats like these beyond the western main ;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old fire, who first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe :
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years:
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the decent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land :
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tendernefs, are there ;

And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou lov'liest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade :
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my blifs, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and kept me so ;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well :
Farewell, and O ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow ;
Still let thy voice, prevailing overtime,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;
And slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest :
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION :

A T A L E.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Bookworm liv'd a college life,
 A fellowship at twenty-five
 Made him the happiest man alive ;
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
 And Frenchman wonder'd as he spoke ;
 Without politeness aim'd at breeding,
 And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
 Could any accident impair ?
 Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
 Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six ?
 O had the archer ne'er come down
 To ravage in a country town !
 Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop !
 O had her eyes forgot to blaze !
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze !
 O !—But let exclamation cease,
 Her presence banish'd all his peace.

Our alter'd parson now began
 To be a perfect ladies man ;

Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermons o'er,
And told the tales he told before,
Of bailiffs pump'd, and proctors bit,
At college how he shew'd his wit ;
And, as the fair one still appr ov'd,
He fell in love—or thought he lov'd.
So with decorum all things carry'd ;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night ?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?
Let it suffice, that each had charms ;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;
And, though she felt his visage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like light'ning flew,
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss ;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other art was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flattern or a belle :

'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
 Half-naked at a ball or race ;
 But when at home, at board or bed,
 Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
 Could so much beauty condescend
 To be a dull domestic friend ?
 Could any curtain-lectures bring
 To decency so fine a thing ?
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Now tawdry madam kept a bevy
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee ;
 The squire and captain took their stations,
 With twenty other near relations ;
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
 She, in her turn, became perplexing,
 And found substantial blifs in vexing.
 Thus every hour was pass'd between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.
 Each day, the more her faults were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown ;
 He fancies every vice she shews
 Or thins her lips, or points her nose :
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phyzz ;

And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Thus, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
While each a different way pursues,
While fullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower : |
Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair :
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but a remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright ;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams,
To smoothe her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field,

Poor Madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;

With modesty her cheeks were dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery, is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day,
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

I LONG had rack'd my brains to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind,
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite ;
Till reading, I forgot what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon ;
I think with something I met there,
To suit my purpose to a hair ;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to God Mercurius ;

You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth :
The strefs of all my proofs on him I lay
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat ;
Wings upon either side——mark that !
Well ! what is it from thence we gather ?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather ! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light ;
Such as to modern bards decreed ;
A just comparifon——proceed.

In the next place, his feet perufe,
Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
Design'd no doubt their part to bear,
And waft his godfhip through the air :
And here my simile unites,
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm fure it may be juftly faid,
His feet are useful as his head.

Laftly vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
Fill'd with a fnake-incircled wand ;
By classic authors term'd caducis,
And highly fam'd for feveral ufes.
To wit——moft wond'roufly endu'd,
No poppy-water half fo good ;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its foporific virtue's fuch,

Tho' ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then ;
His wand's a modern author's pen ;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind ;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy flaver, venom'd bites ;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike they both conduce to sleep.
This diff'rence only as the God,
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod ;
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript ;
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing :
Well ! what of that ? out with it—stealing :
In which our scribbling bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he ;
But ev'n his deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards ! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks ?

RETALIATION

THE title and nature of this Poem, shew that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some poignant strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to finish it in the manner which he intended.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united ;
If our (a) landlord supplies us with beef, and with
fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish,

(a) The master of St. James's coffee house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this Poem, held an occasional club.

Our (*b*) Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the
 plains ;
 Our (*c*) Burke shall be tongue with a garnish of
 brains ;
 Our (*d*) Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
 And (*e*) Dick with his pepper, shall heighten their
 -flavour ;
 Our (*f*) Cumberland's sweet bread its place shall
 obtain,
 And (*g*) Douglass is pudding, substantial and plain ;
 Our (*h*) Garrick's a fallad, for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar and saltnefs agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

(*b*) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(*c*) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

(*d*) Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

(*e*) Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

(*f*) Author of the West-Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

(*g*) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windfor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a Citizen of the World, than a sound Critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

(*h*) David Garrick, Esq joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane.

That (*i*) Ridge is anchovy, and (*k*) Reynolds is
lamb ;

That (*l*) Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool :
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last,
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out :
Yet some have declar'd and it can't be denied 'em,
That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for man-
kind,

Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,

(*i*) Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar : the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above fauce.

(*k*) Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

(*l*) An eminent Attorney.

To persuade (*m*) Tommy Townsend to lend him a
vote ;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining ;

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
in't ;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
Would you ask for his merits, alas ! he had none,
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh
at,

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
(*n*) Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;

(*m*) Mr. T. Townsend, Member for Whitchurch.

(*n*) Mr Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking jests upon other people.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all ?
In short so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
Nick.

But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are ;
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine :
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and failings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
Say was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out men's virtues and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :

Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
clines.

When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lec-
ture ;

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style ;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
pile ;

New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
over,

No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the
dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man ;
As an actor, confess without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art ;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting :
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day ;

Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfals so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd,

While he was berofcius'd, and you were beprais'd ?
But peace to his fpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the fkies :
Thofe poets who owe their beft fame to his fkill,
Shall ftill be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakefpear, receive him, with praife and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature :
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper :

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,

OR

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

A COMEDY

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

THE STORIES OF CONJURY

OR

THE MISTAKES OF A WITCH

A COMEDY

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

DRURY LANE AND COURT-GARDEN

TO
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L L. D.

BY inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Coleman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However I ventured to trust it to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend

and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. D.

I have been thinking much of late of the
many things which I have done and of the
many things which I have not done. It was
not long ago that I was in the middle of
a journey to the north. The weather was
very bad and I was in a great deal of
hurry. I did not have time to do much
of anything. I was very tired when I
came home. I have been thinking much
of late of the many things which I have
done and of the many things which I have
not done. It was not long ago that I
was in the middle of a journey to the
north. The weather was very bad and I
was in a great deal of hurry. I did not
have time to do much of anything. I was
very tired when I came home.

Yours very truly

Oliver Goldsmith

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

PROLOGUE.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Enter Mr. WOODWARD, dressed in Black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

*EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters;
I've that within—for which there are no plasters.
Pray would you know the reason why I'm crying?
The comic muse, long sick, is now a dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop:
For, as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop.
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
To her a marrowish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed!
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents,
We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments!
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us;
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
But why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
With a sententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes)
Thus I begin—All is not gold that glitters,
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters*

PROLOGUE.

When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand ;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.

*I give it up—morals won't do for me ;
To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A doctor comes this night to shew his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He in five draughts, prepar'd presents a potion :
A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,
If you will swallow it, the maid is cur'd ;
But desp'rate the Doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces ;
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No pois'nous drugs are mix'd with what he gives ;
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree ;
If not, within he will receive no fee ;
The college you, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him regular, or dub him quack.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DRURY-LANE

Men.

Sir CHARLES MARLOW,	-	-	-	Mr. Packer.
Young MARLOW,	.	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
HARDCASTLE,	-	-	-	Mr. Suett.
HASTINGS,	-	-	-	Mr. Barrymore.
TONY LUMPKIN,	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister jun.
DIGGORY,	-	-	-	Mr. Burton.

Women.

Mrs. HARDCASTLE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
Miss HARDCASTLE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Henrey.
Miss NEVILLE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Powell.
Maid,	-	-	-	Mrs. Shaw.

Landlord, Servants &c.

SCENE, London.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir CHARLES MARLOW,	-	-	-	Mr. Powell.
Young MARLOW,	-	-	-	Mr. Bernard.
HARDCASTLE,	-	-	-	Mr. Wilson.
HASTINGS,	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
TONY LUMPKIN,	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
DIGGORY,	-	-	-	Mr. Cubit.

Women.

Mrs. HARDCASTLE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Webb.
Miss HARDCASTLE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss NEVILLE,	-	-	-	Mrs. Lewis.
Maid,	-	-	-	Mrs. Spriggs.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

SCENE, London.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in an old fashioned House. Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, and Mr. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle.

I VOW, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour Mrs Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. *Hard*. Ay, your times were fine times indeed: you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripple-gate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy, [*Taking her hand*] you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. *Hard*. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. *Hard*. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. *Hard*. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. *Hard*. Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him an horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids,

worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. *Hard*. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and a fiddle. No, no, the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. *Hard*. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. *Hard*. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. *Hard*. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the Scenes.*)—O there he goes.—A very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, crossing the Stage.

Mrs. *Hard*. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. *Hard*. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear: You look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The three pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the ale-house; the old place; I thought so.

Mrs. *Hard*. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, Little Aminadab that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. *Hard*. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind ; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. *Hard*. (*Detaining him*) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. *Hard*. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

(*Exit bawling her out.*)

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors ? There's my pretty darling Kate ; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence ! Drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness ! what a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl ! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be cloathed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner ; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement ; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, Sir. I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never controul your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*) he's mine, I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hard. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved, has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be

so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so ?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery ; set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved ! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception : as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits, the first day's muster. [*Exit.*]

Miss Hard. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome ; these he put last ; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured ; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife ? Yes, and can't I——But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss Hard. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening ? Is there any thing whimsical about me ? Is it one of my well looking days, child ? Am I in face to day ?

Miss Nev. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me ! sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling ? Or has the last novel been too moving ?

Miss Hard. No ; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss *Nev.* And his name——

Miss *Hard.* Is Marlow.

Miss *Nev.* Indeed!

Miss *Hard.* The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss *Nev.* As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss *Hard.* Never.

Miss *Nev.* He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss *Hard.* An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear, has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss *Nev.* I have just come from one of our agreeable tete-a-tetes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss *Hard.* And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss *Nev.* A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss *Hard.* My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Nev. It is a good natured creature at bottom, and

I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons. Courage is necessary as our affairs are critical.

Miss *Hard*. Would it were bed time and all were well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An Alehouse-Room. Several shabby fellows, with Punch and Tobacco. TONY at the head of the Table, a little higher than the rest : A mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo.

1st. Fel. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

S O N G.

*Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
 With grammar and nonsense and learning ;
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
 Gives Genus a better discerning.
 Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians :
 Their Quis and their Quæ, and their Quods,
 They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, torroll.*

*When methodist preachers come down,
 A preaching that drinking is sinful,
 I'll wager the rascals a crown,
 They always preach best with a skinful.
 But when you come down with your pence.*

*For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you my good friend are the Pigeon.*

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

*Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever..
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.*

*Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.*

Toroddle toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1st. Fel. The 'Squire has got spunk in him.

2nd. Fel. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3d. Fel. O damn any thing that's low, I cannot bear it.

4rth. Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3rd. Fel. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What tho' I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes. Water parted, or the minuet in Ariadne.

2nd. Fel. What a pity it is the Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would Master Slang. I'd then shew what it was to keep choice of company.

2nd. Fel. O he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the

streight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls, in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard. I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. There be two gentleman in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt mob.*]

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what! I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one that I meet; and, often, stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No, offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in.

Hast. Not in the least, Sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, Sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—You have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence: but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter and a pretty son.

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole——The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an

awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's; [*winking upon the Landlord*] Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daify, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash-lane!

Land. Then you were to keep streight forward, 'till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O Sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the Landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted*] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stin-

go, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with——three chairs and a bolster!

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster!

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. Oho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony*] Sure, you be'nt sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them find that out. [*To them*] You have only to keep on streight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: But I'll tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a Gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; streight forward. I'll just step myself and shew you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord*) Mum.

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—damn'd mischievous son of a whore. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An old fashioned house. Enter HARDCASTLE followed by three or four awkward Servants.

HARDCASTLE.

WELL, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side table: and you Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Digg. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Digg. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly unpoissible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead ! is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour ? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Digg. Ecod I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Digg. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun room : I can't help laughing at that—he ! he ! he !—for the soul of me. we have laughed at that these twenty years—ha ! ha ! ha !

Hard. Ha ! ha ! ha ! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave ? A glass of wine, Sir, if you please [*To Diggory*—Eh, why don't you move.

Digg. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move ?

1st Serv. I'm not to leave this place.

2d. Serv. I'm sure its no pleace of mine.

3d. Serv. Nor mine, for sartain.

Digg. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls ! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starv'd. O you dunces ! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard ; To your posts, you blockheads.

I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. *Exit Hard.*

Digg. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be every where

1st. Serv. Where the devil is mine ?

2d. Serv. My place is to be no where at all, and so I'll go about my business.

(Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, different ways.)

Enter Servant with Candles, shewing in MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well looking house ; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good side-board, or a marble chimney-piece, tho' not actually put in the bill, enflame the bill confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns, you pay dearly for luxuries ; in bad inns, you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have often been surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Mar. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of ? My life has been chiefly spent in a col-

lege, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class you know—

Hast. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Mar. They are of us you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Mar. Why man that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker.—

Mar. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle. But to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry.

Mar. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad

star-question, of, Madam, will you marry me? No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Mar. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surpris'd that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Mar. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Mar. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doom'd to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can ever permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the dutchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at

my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, Sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning, I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet; George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Har. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre dor* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men.

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now says the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that stood next to

him—You must have heard of George Brooks ; I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir ! [*Aside*] This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's Cup, sir.

Mar. (*Aside*) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. (*Taking the cup*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepar'd it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir ? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks.*)

Mar. (*Aside*) A very impudent fellow this ! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks.*)

Hast. (*Aside*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an inn-keeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Mar. From the excellence of your cup my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, Sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

Hast. So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people ; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since

that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Alley, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. [*Aside*] Well this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy ; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hard. Good, very good thank you ; ha ! ha ! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper.

Hard. For supper, Sir ! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house !

Mar. Yes, Sir, supper, Sir ; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. [*Aside*] Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*To him*] Why really, Sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook-maid, settle these things between them. I leave these

kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, Sir.

Har. O no, sir, none in the least: yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise*] sir, he's very right, and, it's my way too.

Hard. sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a Colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. (*Perusing*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the desert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But, let's hear it.

Mar. (*Reading*) For the first course at the top, a pig and pruin sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Mar. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Mar. At the bottom, a calve's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good fir; I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hard. (*Aside*) Their impudence confounds me (*To them*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and saucages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff-taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to—

Mar. Why, really, fir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are air'd, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, fir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, fir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I am resolved on it. (*Aside*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, fir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old fashioned impudence.

(*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*)

Hast. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to

grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities that are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss Nev. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss Nev. An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss Nev. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Nev. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with the journey, but they'll soon be refreshed: and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Nev. I have often told you, that, though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that, if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Nev. But how shall we keep him in the deception! Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way———
(*They confer.*)

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet thro' all the rest of the family—What have we got here?———

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Mar. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room and

will be back in an instant. Was'nt it lucky? eh!

Mar. [*Aside.*] I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Mar. Oh yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter——But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder——What if we should postpone the happiness 'till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more respectful——To-morrow let it be (*Offering to go.*)

Miss Nev. By no means, Sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Mar. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Mar. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE as returning from walking, a Bonnet, &c.

Hast. (*Introducing them*) Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hard. (*aside*) Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very un-*

easy and disconcerted) I'm glad of your safe arrival, Sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Mar. Only a few, Madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, Madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—Madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (To him) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I'm afraid you flatter, Sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Mar. (Gathering courage) I have lived, indeed, in the world, Madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, Madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Nev. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hast. (To him) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirm'd in assurance for ever.

Mar. (To him) Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hard. An observer, like you, upon life were I fear disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Hard. Pardon me, Madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (To him) Bravo, Bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Mar. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. *(To him)* Zounds, George, sure you won't go! How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tete-a-tete of our own.

Miss Hard. (*After a pause*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, Sir: The ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Mar. (*Relapsing into timidity*) Pardon me, Madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hard. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Mar. Perhaps so, Madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex——But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hard. Not at all, Sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself: I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Mar. It's——a disease——of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish——for——um—a—um.

Miss Hard. I understand you, Sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Mar. My meaning, Madam; but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing——a——

Miss Hard. (*Aside*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions. (*To Him*) You were going to observe, Sir——

Mar. I was observing, Madam——I protest, Madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hard. (*Aside*) I vow and so do I. (*To him*) You were observing, Sir, that in this age of hypocrisy, something about hypocrisy, Sir.

Mar. Yes, Madam. In this age of hypocrisy there

are few who upon strict enquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, Sir.

Mar. (Aside) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hard. You mean that in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Mar. True, Madam; those who have most virtues in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, Madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, Sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—Pray, Sir, go on.

Mar. Yes, Madam. I was saying—that there are some occasions——when a total want of courage, Madam, destroys all the——and puts us——upon a——a——a——

Miss Hard. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excell. I beg you'll proceed.

Mar. Yes, Madam. Morally speaking, Madam—But I see *Miss Neville* expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hard. I protest, Sir, I was never more agreeably entertained in my life. Pray go on.

Mar. Yes, Madam. I was——But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you.

Miss Hard. Well then, I'll follow.

Mar. (Aside) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me.

Miss Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I

could teach him a little confidence it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith is a question I can scarce answer.

Enter TONY and Miss NEVILLE, followed by Mrs. HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss Nev. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you cousin, Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship.

[She follows coqueting him to the back scene.]

Mrs. Hard. Well! I vow, Mr Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St James's or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hard. O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the Nobility chiefly resort? All I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tete-a-tete from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked lane. Pray how do you like this head Mr Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and degagee, upon my word, Madam. Your friseur is a French man, I suppose ?

Mrs. Hard. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies memorandum book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed. Such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady May-refs at a city ball.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman ; so one must dress a little particular or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your care, Madam, in any dress. [*Bowing.*]

Mrs. Hard. Yet, what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle ? all I can say will not argue down a single button from his cloaths. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right Madam ; for, as among the ladies, there are none ugly, so among the men, there are none old.

Mrs. Hard. But what do you think his answer was ? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tete for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable ! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town ?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode ; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. Hard. Seriously. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. Hard. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hard. My son, Sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. [*To them*] Well Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to Myself but the stable.

Mrs. Hard. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Nev. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded——crack.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Dont you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you.
[*Measuring.*]

Miss Nev. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hard. O the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortune. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education! I

that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon ! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel ? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating.

Tony. Ecod ! you have reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through ever receipt in the Complete Hufwife ten times over ; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincy next spring. But, ecod ! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper ? Wasn't it all for your good ?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself ; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hard. That's false ; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the ale-house or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monster !

Tony. Ecod ! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hard. Was ever the like ? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hard. Well ! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty provoking, undutiful boy.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.*]

Tony. [Singing.] *There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee. Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for*

an hour together, and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's chusing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast [*Aside*] Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her play-mates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. — Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as floes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage

to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you ! Ecod I will to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortune beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. [*Singing.*]

*We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where the thundering cannons roar.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter **HARDCASTLE.**

Hardcastle.

WHAT could my old friend, Sir Charles, mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town ? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter *Miss* **HARDCASTLE**, *plainly dressed.*

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed

your drefs as I bid you ; and yet, I believe, there was no great occafion.

Miss Hard. I find fuch a pleasure, Sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to obferve them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I fometimes give you fome caufe, particularly when I recomended my modett gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect fomething extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the defcription.

Hard. I was never fo furprised in my life ! He has quite confounded all my faculties !

Miss Hard. I never faw any thing like it : And a man of the world too !

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I to think a young man could learn modefty by travelling. He might as foon learn wit at a mafquerade.

Miss Hard. It feems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal affifted by bad company and a French dancing-mafter.

Miss Hard. Sure you miltake, papa ? A French dancing-mafter could never have taught, him that timid look—that awkward addrefs—that bashful manner——

Hard. Whofe look ? whofe manner ? child !

Miss Hard. Mr. Marlow's ; his mauvaife honte, his timidy ftruck me at the firft fight.

Hard. Then your firft fight deceived you ; for I think him one of the moft brazen firft fights that ever aftonifted my fenfes.

Miss Hard. Sure Sir, you rally ! I never faw any one fo modett.

Hard. And can you be ferious ! I never faw fuch a bouncing fwaggering puppy, fince I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprifing ! He met me with a refpectful bow, a ftammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed: tired me with apologies for being tiresome: then left the room with a bow, and, Madam, I would not for the world detain you.

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun, and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he ask'd your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with

a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding ?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries ?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod ! I have got them. Here they are. My Cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortune neither. O ! my genius, is that you ?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother ? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last ? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way, (*giving the casket*) Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother ?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do ? An

honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you ; Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough, she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds ! here they are. Morrice. Prance. [Exit Hastings.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, and Miss NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels ! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss. Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, Madam.

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

Miss. Nev. But who knows, Madam, but some body that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery-about me ?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better

sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con. want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty.

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss. Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [*Apart to Mrs. Hard.*] Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. (*Apart to Tony*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you ? He ! he ! he !

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod ! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss. Nev. I desire them but for a day, Madam. Just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be lock'd up again.

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance ; if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know ; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it ; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs. Hard. Don't be alarm'd, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear ;

for tho' we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them. *(Exit.*

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir—Was ever any thing so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin.

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. Hard. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod,

I thought you was ruin'd in earnest, ha ! ha ! ha !

Mrs. Hard. Why boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that ; ha, ha, ha ! stick to that ; I'll bear witness, you know ; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruin'd for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha ! ha ! I know who took them well enough, ha ! ha ! ha !

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right : You must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grain'd brute, that won't hear me ! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool ? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her ! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoy'd my distress ?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Do you insult me, monster ? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*]

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, and Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that.

brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha ! ha ! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, Madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, ask'd me if you were the bar-maid ? He mistook you for the bar-maid, Madam.

Miss Hard. Did he ? Then as I live I'm resolv'd to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress. Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem ?

Maid. It's the dress, Madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person !

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hard. I vow I thought so ; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake.

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person ?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar-cant—Did your honour call ?—Attend the Lion there—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, Madam. But he's here.

(Exit maid.)

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[Walks and muses.

Miss Hard. Did you call, Sir? did your honour call?

Mar. (Musing) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honour call?

(She still places herself before him, he turning away.)

Mar. No child *(musing)* Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

Mar. No, no. *(musing)* I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

(Taking out his tablets, and perusing.)

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir.

Mar. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, Sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Mar. No, no, I tell you. *(Looks full in her face.)* Yes, child, I think, I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hard. O la, Sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Mar. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what do you call it in the house?

Miss Hard. No, Sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Mar. One may call in this house, I find to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss *Hard*. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, Sir.

Mar. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss *Hard*. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Mar. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss *Hard*. O! Sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Mar. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty (*approaching*.) Yet nearer I don't think so much (*approaching*.) By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed (*attempting to kiss her*.)

Miss *Hard*. Pray, Sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Mar. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss *Hard*. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here a while ago in this obsequious manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look'd dash'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of the peace.

Mar. (*Aside*.) Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. (*To her*.) In awe of her, child! Ha! ha! ha! A mere, awkward, squinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me?

Miss *Hard*. O! then, Sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Mar. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow.

At the ladies club in town, I'm call'd their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. *Offering to salute her.*)

Miss *Hard*. Hold, Sir : you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there you say ?

Mar. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buskins, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss *Hard*. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Mar. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss *Hard*. And their agreeable Rattle, ha ! ha ! ha !

Mar. *(Aside.)* Egad ! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child !

Miss *Hard*. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Mar. *(Aside.)* All's well, she don't laugh at me. *(To her.)* Do you ever work, child ?

Miss *Hard*. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Mar. Odsso ! Then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me. *(Seizing her hand.)*

Miss *Hard*. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning.

Struggling.

Mar. And why not now, my angel ? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.——Pshaw ! the father here ! My old luck ! I never nick'd seven that I did not throw ace three times following.

(Exit Marlow.)

Enter HARDCASTLE, who stands in surprize.

Hard. So, madam ! So I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only ador'd at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so ?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for ; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body I believe his impudence is infectious ! - Didn't I see him seize your hand ? Didn't I see him hawl you about like a milkmaid ? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth !

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one runmad ; I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, Madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

Miss Hard. I hope, Sir, you have ever found that

I considered your commands as my pride ; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination.

ACT IV. SCENE I

Enter HASTINGS and Miss NEVILLE.

Hastings.

YOU surprise me ! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night ? Where have you had your information ?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me ; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses ; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions.

Miss Nev. Well ! success attend you. In the mean time, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. *[Exit.*

Enter MARLOW, followed by a Servant.

Mar. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post coach at an inn-door. Have you

deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes your honour.

Mar. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes she said she'd keep it safe enough; she ask'd me how I came by it! and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. *[Exit. Servant.]*

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here and in spirits too!

Mar. Give me joy, George,! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well George, after all, we modest fellows dont want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Mar. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well and what then!

Mar. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hast. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Mar. Why man, she talk'd of shewing me her work above stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Hast. But how can you, Charles, go about

to rob a woman of her honour?

Mar. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it, there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Mar. And if she has I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Mar. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah, numbskull? I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself.——I have——

Hast. What!

Mar. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady!

Mar. The landlady.

Hast. You did,

Mar. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Ye's, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Mar. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. (*Aside*) He must not see my uneasiness.

Mar. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened!

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Mar. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket; but, thro' her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They're safe however.

Mar. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. (*Aside*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him*)

Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and he ! he ! he ! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me.

Mar. Thank ye, George ! I ask no more, Ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter **HARDCASTLE.**

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have all got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer, and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To him*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*]

Mar. Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside*] What's to be the wonder now !

Hard. I believe, Sir, you must be sensible, Sir, that no man alive ought be more welcome than your father's son, Sir I hope you think so ?

Mar. I do from my soul, Sir. I don't want much intreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, Sir. But tho' I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Mar. I protest, my very good Sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did I assure you. (*To the side scene*) Here, tell one of my servants to come up. (*To him*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do ! I'm satisfied !

Mar. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant drunk.

Mar. You, Jeremy ! Come forward, Sirrah ! What were my orders ? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house ?

Hard. (Aside) I begin to lose my patience.

Jer. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever ! Tho' I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, Sir, damme ! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon——hiccup——upon my conscience, Sir.

Mar. You see my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil foused in a beer barrel.

Hard. Zounds ! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow, Sir ; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, Sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Mar. Leave your house !—Sure you jest, my good friend ? What, when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hard. I tell you Sir, you don't please me ; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Mar. Sure you cannot be serious ? At this time o'night, and such a night. You only mean to banter me ?

Hard. I tell you Sir, I'm serious ; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, Sir ; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Mar. Ha ! ha ! ha ! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step I assure you. *(In a serious tone)* This your house fellow ! Its my house. This is my house.

Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, Sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, This house is mine, Sir. By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Sir, (*bantering*) as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candelsticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen nozed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Mar. Bring me your bill, Sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the rake's progress for your own apartment?

Mar. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Mar. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Mar. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

[*Exit.*

Mar. How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house! Every thing looks like an inn. The servants cry, coming. The attendance is awkward; the barmaid too to attend us. But she's here, and will

further inform me. Whither so fast, child. A word with you.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Miss Hard. Let it be short then. I'm in a hurry.
(*Aside*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but its too soon quite to undeceive him.

Mar. Pray child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, Sir.

Mar. What. A poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes Sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Mar. That is you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miss Hard. Inn! O law—What brought that in your head. One of the best families in the county keep an inn. Ha, ha, ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn.

Mar. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child!

Miss Hard. Ay, Sure. Whose else should it be.

Mar. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O! confound my stupid head, I shall be laugh'd at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The Dulissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper. What a swaggering puppy must he take me for? What a silly puppy do I find myself? There again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hard. Dear me! Dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Mar. Nothing, my dear, nothing.—
But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every

thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance and your simplicity for allurements. But its over——This house I no more shew my face in.

Miss Hard. I hope Sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry, people said any thing amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Mar. (Aside) By heaven she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me; (*to her*) Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune and education, make an honourable connection impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (Aside) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him*) But I'm sure my family is as good as *Miss Hardcastle's*, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Mar. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Mar. (Aside) This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily choose. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell

(*Exit.*)

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stoop'd to

conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY, and Miss NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time, I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Nev. But my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

(They retire and seem to fondle)

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see! Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs. Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hard. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Nev. Cousin Tony promises to give us more

of his company at home. Indeed he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us cousin Tony will.

Tony. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Nev. Agreeable cousin! who can help admiring that natural humour, the pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, (*patting his cheek*) ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. Hard. Pretty innocence.

Tony. I'm sure I always lov'd cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hard. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsey's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Digg. Where's the 'Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Dig. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Digg. Your worship mun ask that o'the lettter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, tho' (*turning the letter and gazing on it.*)

Miss Nev. (*Aside.*) Undone, undone. A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt

fees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employ'd a little if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle*) But I have not told you, Madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laugh'd—You must know, Madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us. (*They confer.*)

Tony. (*Still gazing*) A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. To Antony Lumpkin, Esq. It's very odd, I can read the outsides of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's hard, very hard: for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, Madam; but you must hear the rest, Madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damn'd up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading*) Dear Sir. Ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. Hard. What's that my dear. Can I give you any assistance.

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I [*twitching the letter from her.*] Do you know who it is from?

Tony Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

Miss Nev. Ay, so it is, [*pretending to read.*] Dear 'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the goose-green out of fea-

ther. The odds—um—odd— battle——um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here put it up, put it up. (*thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*)

Tony. But I tell you, Miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence? (*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*)

Mrs. Hard. How's this! (*reads*) "Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post chaise and a pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (ay the hag) your mother, will otherwise suspect. Your's, Hastings." Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss Nev. I hope, Madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard. (*Curtesying very low*) Fine spoken, Madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection. Madam. (*Changing her tone*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too join'd against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, Madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it will be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, Sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory I'll shew you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. (*Exits.*)

Miss Nev. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him.

Tony. By the laws, Miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. So, Sir, I find by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betray'd us. Was this well done, young gentleman.

Tony. Here's another. Ask Miss there who betray'd you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laugh'd at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, Sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Mar. What can I say to him, a mere booby, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Mar. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other——with baskets.

Mar. As for him, he's below resentment. But your

conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Mar. But, Sir——

Miss Nev. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, Madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. *Exit Servant.*

Miss Nev. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Mar. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, Sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous. To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance. Depend upon it, Sir. I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, Sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself to the care of another, Sir?

Miss Nev. Mr. Hastings. Mr. Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute. I implore, I entreat you——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, Madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Nev. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, Madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Nev. O, Mr. Marlow ! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your repentment into pity.

Mar. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, Madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Nev. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

Mrs Hard. (Within) Miss Neville. Constance, why Constance, I say.

Miss Nev. I'm coming. Well constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. *(Exit.*

Hast. My heart, how can I suport this ? To be so near happiness !

Mar. (To Tony) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress

Tony. (From a reverie.) Ecod, I have hit it. Its here. Your hand. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho. Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden ; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter HASTINGS and Servant.

Hastings.

YOU saw the old Lady and Miss Neville drive off you say.

Serv. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post coach, and the young 'Squire went on horse-back. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, Sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the Old Gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Hast. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. *(Exit.)*

Enter Sir CHARLES MARLOW and HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha ! ha ! ha ! 'The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

Sir Char. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common inn-keeper too.

Sir Char. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon inn-keeper, ha ! ha ! ha !

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendship hereditary ; and though my daughter's fortune is but small——

Sir Char. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me. My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man. I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Char. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. I come, Sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again—She'll never like you the worse for it.

Mar. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow: if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Mar. Really, Sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

Mar. Sure, Sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, Sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family.

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be play'd

with, and rumbled too sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Mar. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well. I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over acting, young gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Mar. May I die, Sir, if I ever——

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you ; and as I'm sure you don't dislike her——

Mar. Dear Sir—I protest, Sir

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Mar. But hear me. Sir——

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so——

Mar. But why won't you hear me ? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. (*Aside*) This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Char. And you never grasp'd her hand or made any protestations ?

Mar. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. (*Exit.*)

Sir Char. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonish'd at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Char. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve ; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection ?

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, Sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (To Sir Charles) You see.

Sir Char. And pray, Madam, have you and my son had more than one interview ?

Miss Hard. Yes, Sir, several.

Hard. (To Sir Charles) You see.

Sir Char. But did he profess any attachment ?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

Sir Char. Did he talk of love ?

Miss Hard. Much, Sir.

Sir Char. Amazing ! And all this formally ?

Miss Hard. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir Char. And how did he behave, Madam ?

Miss Hard. As most profest admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine ; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Char. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I'm confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hard. Then what, Sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity ? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion in person.

Sir *Char.* Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end.
[*Exit.*

Miss *Hard.* And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning.
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Back of the Garden. Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

Hast. My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is not such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it: Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house ?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why that's it mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha, ha, ha ! I understand ; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduced them to the gibbit on Heavy-tree Heath, and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful ?

Tony. Ay, now its dear friend, noble 'Squire.—Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville ; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

[*Exit Hastings.*

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish.

She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm kill'd. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hard. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hard. O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. [*Aside*] Father in law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. [*To her*] Ah!

it's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. Hard. Good heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you. I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, Sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. Hard. [*From behind*] Ah death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journies as they say. Hem.

Mrs. Hard. [*From behind.*] Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came?

Tony. It was I, Sir, talking to myself, Sir. I was saying that forty miles in three hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talk'd to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, Sir, if I tell you.
Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—
 hem—I'll tell you all, Sir. *Detaining him.*

Hard. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. Hard. (*running forward from behind.*) O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I am a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. Hard. (*kneeling*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. Hard. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. You far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. (*To him*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. (*To her*) Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond. as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. (*To Tony*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hard. I'll spoil you, I will.

Follows him off the stage. Exeunt.

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply.
(*Exit.*)

Enter HASTINGS and Miss NEVILLE.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus ? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Nev. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Nev. No, Mr. Hastings ; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hast. But tho' he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss Nev. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hast. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly comply.

SCENE III.

Changes. Enter Sir CHARLES MARLOW and Miss HARDCASTLE.

Sir Char. What a situation am I in ! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hard. I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Char. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. *(Exit Sir Charles.)*

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. Tho' prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave ; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hard. [*In her own natural manner*] I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Mar. (*Aside*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her*) It must not be Madam. I have already trilled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight : and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hard. Then go, Sir. I'll urge nothing more

to detain you. Tho' my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence ? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit ; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter **HARDCASTLE** and **Sir CHARLES MARLOW**
from behind.

Sir Char. Here behind this screen.

Hard. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Mar. By heavens, Madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye ; for who could see that without emotion. But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seem'd rustic plainness, now appears refin'd simplicity. What seem'd forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue.

Sir Char. What can it mean, he amazes me !

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush !

Mar. I am now determined to stay, Madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection, in which there is the smallest room for repentance ? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion ? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours ?

Mar. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your

wishes ; and tho' you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity ; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection, where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent ? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer ?

Mar. (Kneeling) Does this look like security ? Does this look like confidence ? No, Madam, every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue —

Sir Char. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me ! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation ?

Hard. Your cold contempt ; your formal interview ? What have you to say now ?

Mar. That I'm all amazement ! What can it mean ?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public ; that you have one story for us and another for my daughter.

Mar. Daughter !—this lady your daughter !

Hard. Yes, Sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be ?

Mar. Oh, the devil !

Miss Hard. Yes. Sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for (*Curtesying*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold forward agreeable rattle of the ladies' club ; ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Zounds ! there's no bearing this ; its worse than death.

Miss Hard. In which of your characters, Sir will you give us leave to address you ? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just

to be heard, and hates hypocrisy ; or the loud confident creature that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Mrs. Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning ; ha, ha, ha !

Mar. O, curse on my noisy head ! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, Sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him Kate ? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

(They retire she tormenting him to the back scene.)

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, and TONY.

Mrs. Hard. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone ?

Mrs. Hard. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came with our modest visitor here.

Sir Char. Who, my honest George Hastings. As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then by the hand of my body I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs. Hard. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune, that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure Dorothy you would not be so mercenary.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, that's my affair, not yours.

Hard. But you know if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

*WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a Bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you :
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
" We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shews the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of ev'ry thing afraid ;
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
Her second act displays a lovelier scene,
Th' unblushing barmaid of a country inn :
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
On Squire's and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts——
And as she smiles, her triumph to complete,
Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'Squire,
And Madam now begins to hold it higher ;
Pretends to taste, at Operas cries caro.
And quits her Nancy Dawson, for Che Faro ;
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,*

EPILOUGE.

*Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheapside ;
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such thro' our lives the eventful history——
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The barmaid now for your protection prays,
Turns Female Barrister and pleads for Bayes.*

PROLOGUE

Written by
DR. JOHNSON :

SPOKEN BY

MR. BENSLEY.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind ;
With cool submission joins the labouring train,
And social sorrow, loses half it's pain :
Our anxious Bard, without complaint, may share
This bustling season's epidemic care.
Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,
Toft in one common storm with all the great ;
Distrest alike, the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame,
Have hopes and fears, and wishes just the same ;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burges's boards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night, when all that hate may hiss.
This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,
Says swelling Crispin, begg'd a cobbler's vote.

PROLOUE.

*This night, our wit, the pert apprentice cries,
Lies at my feet, I hiss him, and he dies.
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe ;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those, whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of all persuading gold ;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear, to merit, and to you.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Mr. HONEYWOOD,	-	-	Mr. Powell.
CROAKER,	-	-	Mr. Shutter.
LOFTY,	-	-	Mr. Woodward.
Sir WILLIAM HONEYWOOD,	-	-	Mr. Clarke.
LEONTINE,	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
JARVIS,	-	-	Mr. Dunstall.
BUTLER,	-	-	Mr. Cushing.
BAILIFF,	-	-	Mr. R. Smith.
DUBARDIEU,	-	-	Mr. Holtom.
POSTBOY,	-	-	Mr. Quick.

Women.

Miss RICHLAND,	-	-	Mrs. Bulkley.
OLIVIA,	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. CROAKER,	-	-	Mrs. Pitt.
GARNET,	-	-	Mrs. Green.
LANDLADY,	-	-	Mrs. White.

SCENE, London.

THE
GOOD NATUR'D MAN
A COMEDY

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

Eater HASTINGS and *Miss* NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hard. (Aside) What returned so soon, I begin not to like it.

Hast. (To Hardcastle) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss Nev. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recover'd from the delusion and hope from your tenderness, what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs. Hard. Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither Tony boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand*) Witnesses all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of Blank place, refuse you, Constantia, Neville, spinster of no place at all for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Char. O brave 'squire !

Hast. My worthy friend !

Mrs. Hard. My undutiful offspring !

Mar. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hast. (*To Miss Hardcastle*) Come, Madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. (*Joining their hands*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crown'd with a merry morning ; so, boy, take her : and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

PREFACE,

WHEN I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term, *genteel comedy*, was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience, than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know any thing of composition, are sensible, that in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean; I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house: but in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate; the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgement of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from our's, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and

P R E F A C E.

Moliere from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which the good natur'd Man has met with : and to Mr. Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any, who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

T H E
GOOD NATUR'D MAN.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S House.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD, JARVIS.

Sir Will. GOOD Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity like yours, is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jarvis. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir Will. Say rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

Jarvis. I'm sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, tho' he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir Will. What signifies his affection to me, or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

Jarvis. I grant you that he's rather too good natur'd; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another; but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

Sir Will. Not mine, sure? My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend.

his errors.

Jarvis. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only serv'd to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

Sir Will. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I intreat you. No, Jarvis, his good nature arises rather from fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jarvis. What it rises from, I don't know. But, to be sure, every body has it, that asks it.

Sir Will. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a conceal'd spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jarvis. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting every body, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he call'd an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir Will. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, tho' with very little hopes to reclaim. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity. To arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

Jarvis. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me; yet faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but instead of being angry, he sits

as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-dresser.

Sir Will. We must try him once more, however, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution; and I don't despair of succeeding, as by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him, without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good will to others, should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction. Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. *[Exit.*

Jarvis. Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew; the strange good natur'd, foolish, open hearted—And yet all his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jarvis. You have no friends.

Honeyw. Well from my acquaintance then?

Jarvis. *(Pulling out bills)* A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your taylor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Honeyw. That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

Jarvis. He has lost all patience.

Honeyw. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jarvis. There's that ten guineas you were send-

ing to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth, for a while at least.

Honeyw. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

Jarvis. 'Sdeath! Sir, the question now is how to relieve yourself. Yourself—Hav'nt I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

Honeyw. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jarvis. You're the only man alive in your present situation that could do so—Every thing upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

Honeyw. I'm no man's rival.

Jarvis. Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent! and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Honeyw. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

Jarvis. Soh! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact.

Honeyw. In the fact! If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jarvis. He shall be turn'd off at Tyburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Honeyw. No, Jarvis; its enough that we have lost what he has stolen, let us not add to it the loss of a fellow creature!

Jarvis. Very fine: well, here was the footman

just now, to complain of the butler; he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

Honeyw. That's but just; tho' perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jarvis. Ay, its the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

Enter BUTLER, drunk.

Butler Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan; you must part with him, or part with me, that's the ex-ex-exposition of the matter, Sir.

Honeyw. Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

Butler. Sir, he's given to drinking, Sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted, by keeping such company.

Honeyw. Ha! Ha! He has such a diverting way.

Jarvis. O quite amusing.

Butler. I find my wines a going, Sir; and liquors don't go without mouths, Sir; I hate a drunkard, Sir.

Honeyw. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time, so go to bed now.

Jarvis. To bed! Let him go to the devil.

Butler. Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

Honeyw. Why didn't you shew him up, Block-head?

Butler. Shew him up, Sir? With all my heart, Sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [*Exit.*

Jarvis. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair I suppose. The match between his

son, that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

Honeyw. Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

Jarvis. Ah! If you lov'd yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

Honeyw. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warm'd the human heart with desire, I own. But never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connection with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, tho' it destroys my own.

Jarvis. Was ever the like! I want patience.

Honeyw. Besides, Jarvis, tho' I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker his wife; who, tho' both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions you know.

Jarvis. Opposite enough, Heaven knows; the very reverse of each other; she all laugh and no joke; he always complaining, and never sorrowful; a fretful poor soul that has a new distress for every hour in the four and twenty—

Honeyw. Hush, hush, he's coming up, he'll hear you.

Jarvis. One whose voice is a passing bell—

Honeyw. Well, well, go, do.

Jarvis. A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly night shade; a— (*Honeywood stopping his mouth at last, pushes him off.*) (Exit Jarvis.)

Honeyw. I must own my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend

Croaker's conversation that quiet depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.—Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction—

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this! You look most shockingly to day my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing—But God send we be all better this day three months.

Honeyw. I heartily concur in the wish, tho' I own I am not in your apprehensions.

Croaker. May be not! Indeed what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this time no less than an hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing-crofs and Temple-bar.

Honeyw. The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

Honeyw. I have no apprehensions for the ladies I assure you.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed what signifies whether they be perverted or no? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady drest from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly. But now a-days the devil a thing of their own manufacture's about them, except their faces.

Honeyw. But, however these faults may be prac-

tised abroad, you dont find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia or Miss Richland.

Croaker. The best of them will never be canoniz'd for a saint when she's dead. By the bye, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relish'd, either by one side or t'other.

Honeyw. I thought otherwise.

Croaker. Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Honeyw. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

Croaker My dear friend you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in the morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break an heart of stone. My wife has so encroach'd upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honeyw. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Croaker. No, tho' I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouze sometimes. But what then! Always hagling and hagling. A man is tired of getting the better before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Honeyw. It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an encrease of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Croaker. Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor—Dick. Ah there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend; we lov'd each other for

thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

Honeyw. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last ?

Croaker. I don't know; some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me ; because we us'd to meet now and then and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I lov'd to hear him talk, and he lov'd to hear me talk ; poor dear Dick. He us'd to say that Croaker rhim'd to joker ; and so we us'd to laugh—Poor Dick (*Going to cry.*)

Honeyw. His fate affects me.

Croaker. Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down ; while reason, that should catch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Honeyw. To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have past, the prospect is hideous.

Croaker. Life at the greatest and best is but a forward child, that must be humour'd and coax'd a little till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

Honeyw. Very true, Sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Croaker. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to shew him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself—And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer on the encrease and progress of earthquakes ? It will amuse us I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit, from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Con-

stantinople back to London again. (*Exit.*)

Honeyw. Poor Croaker ! His situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure to live upon such terms is worse than death itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, an hopeless passion, friends in distress ; the wish but not the power to serve them—— (*pausing and sighing.*)

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. More company below, Sir ; Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland ; shall I shew them up ? But they're shewing up themselves. (*Exit.*)

Enter Mrs. CROAKER and Miss RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. Your'e always in such spirits.

Mrs. Croaker. We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques ! Herself the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

Honeyw. Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good humour : I know you'll pardon me.

Mrs. Croaker. I vow he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

Miss Rich. You would seem to insinuate Madam, that I have particular reasons for being dispos'd to refuse it.

Mrs. Croaker. Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

Miss Rich. I own I should be very sorry, Mr. Honeywood's, long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

Honeyw. There's no answering for others, Madam. But I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

Miss Rich. And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you than the most passionate professions from others.

Honeyw. My own sentiments, Madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

Miss Rich. And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested or more capable of friendship than Mr. Honeywood.

Mrs. Croaker. And indeed I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. *Miss Fruzz*, *Miss Odbody* and *Miss Winterbottom*, praise him in all companies. As for *Miss Biddy Bundle*, she's his professed admirer.

Miss Rich. Indeed! an admirer! I did not know, Sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talk'd of?

Honeyw. The town, Madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it. (*Smiling.*)

Mrs. Croaker. But she's resolved never to lose it, it seems. For as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine old dressy things, who think to conceal her age, by every where exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side box; trailing thro' a minuet at *Almack's*; and then, in the public gardens; looking for all the world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honeyw. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth; there ought to be some to carry

on an useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

Miss Rich. But then the mortifications they must suffer before they can be fitted out for traffic. I have seen one of them fret an whole morning at her hair-dresser, when all the fault was her face.

Honeyw. And yet I'll engage has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good natur'd town, Madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age from fifteen to fourscore.

Mrs. Croaker. Well you're a dear good-natur'd creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to shew Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

Honeyw. I am sorry, Madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

Mrs. Croaker. What! with my husband! Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

Honeyw. Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LEONTINE and OLIVIA.

Leont. There they go, thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing their amusements, and as chearful as they are.

Olivia. How my Leontine, how can I be chearful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected—

Leont. The world my love, what can it say?

At worst it can only say that being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice ; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house ; the only one where your's could remain without censure.

Olivia. But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion : your being sent to France to bring home a sister ; and instead of a sister, bringing home——

Leont. One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinc'd will be equally dear, to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

Olivia. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

Leont. Impossible, 'till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child, and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

Olivia. But may'nt she write, may'nt her aunt write ?

Leont. Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

Olivia. But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion ?

Leont. There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her ; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father, to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

Olivia. Your heart and fortune !

Leont. Don't be alarm'd, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her ? No, my Olivia ; neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me, I only offer Miss Richland an heart, I am convinc'd she will refuse ; as I am confident, that, without knowing it, her affections

are fixed upon Mr. Honeywood.

Olivia. Mr. Honeywood ! You'll excuse my apprehensions ; but when your merits come to be put in the balance—

Leont. You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I shew a seeming compliance with my father's commands ; and perhaps upon her refusal, I may have his consent to chuse for myself.

Olivia. Well I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own I shall envy her, even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly perhaps : I allow it ; but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart may be powerful over that of another.

Leont. Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland ; and——

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Where have you been, boy ? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here, has been saying such comfortable things. Ah ! he's an example indeed. Where is he ? I left him here.

Leont. Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too in the next room : he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

Croaker. Good gracious, can I believe my eyes or my ears ! I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunn'd with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation ! (*A laugh behind the scenes, Croaker mimics it.*) Ha ! ha ! ha ! there it goes ; a

plague take their balderdash ; yet I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe, she could spread an horse-laugh thro' the pews of a tabernacle.

Leont. Since you find so many objections to a wife, Sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me ?

Croaker. I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family ; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

Leont. But, Sir, tho' in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her ; it may be possible, she has no inclination to me.

Croaker. I'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofty, assures me the treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune ; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leont. But, Sir, if you will but listen to reason—

Croaker. Come then produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fix'd, determin'd, so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Leont. You have alledged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness.

Croaker. Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune ; and you have your choice—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leont. An only son, Sir, might expect more indulgence.

Croaker. An only father, Sir, might expect more obedience ; besides, has not your sister there, that

never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you ? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan't, I tell you he shan't, for you shall have your share.

Olivia. Dear Sir, I wish you'd be convinced that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune, which is taken from his.

Croaker. Well, well, its a good child, so say no more, but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you ; old Ruggins, the curry-comb maker, lying in state ; I'm told he makes a very handsome corse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Croaker's House Enter Miss RICHLAND,
GARNET.*

Miss Rich. Olivia not his sister ? Olivia not Leontine's sister ? You amaze me !

Garnet. No more his sister than I am ; I had it all from his own servant ; I can get any thing from that quarter.

Miss Rich. But how ? Tell me again, Garnet.

Garnet. Why, Madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years ; he never went further than Paris ; there he saw, and fell in love with this young lady ; by the bye, of a prodigious family.

Miss Rich. And brought her home to my guardian, as his daughter ?

Garnet. Yes, and daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

Miss Rich. Well, I own they have deceived me—And so demurely as Olivia carried it too !—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets ; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me ?

Garnet. And, upon my word, Madam, I don't much blame her ; she was loath to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss Rich. But to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently, to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Garnet. Yet, what can you do ? For being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, Madam—

Miss Rich. How ! idiot ; what do you mean ? In love with Mr. Honeywood ! Is this to provoke me ?

Gar. That is, Madam, in friendship with him ; I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married ; nothing more.

Miss Rich. Well, no more of this ! As to my guardian, and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them ; I'm resolved to accept the proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and throw the refusal at last upon them.

Gar. Delicious ! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much cuteness !

Miss Rich. Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

Gar. Then you're likely not long to want employment, for here they come and in close conference.

Enter CROAKER, LEONTINE.

Leon. Excuse me, Sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting the lady so important a question.

Croaker. Lord ! good Sir, moderate your fears ; you're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin ? Well, why don't you ? Eh ! What ? Well then—I must, it seems—Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business ; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

Croaker. How, boy, could you desire a finer opening ? Why don't you begin, I say ? *(To Leont.)*

Leont. 'Tis true, Madam, my father, Madam, has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair—which—himself—can best explain, Madam.

Croaker. Yes, my dear ; it comes intirely from my son ; it's all a request of his own, Madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

Leont. The whole affair is only this, Madam ; my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

Croaker. My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on *(Aside)* In short, Madam, you see before you one that loves you ; one whose whole happiness is all in you.

Miss Rich. I never had any doubt of your regard Sir ; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

Croaker. That's not the thing, my little sweeting ; my love ! No, no, another guess lover than I ; there he stands, Madam ; his very looks declare the force

of his passion—Call up a look, you dog—But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent—

Miss Rich. I fear, Sir he's absent now; or such a declaration would have most properly come from himself.

Croaker. Himself! Madam; he would die before he could make such a confession: and if he had not a channel for his passion thro' me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

Miss Rich. I must grant, Sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence, above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

Croaker. Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother tongue.

Miss Rich. And it must be confessed, Sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet, I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I Mr. Leontine?

Leont. Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. (*Aside.*) Don't imagine from my silence, Madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, Madam, tells me, your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you. He admires you I adore you; and when we come together, upon my soul I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

Miss Rich. If I could flatter myself, you thought as you speak, Sir——

Leont. Doubt my sincerity, Madam? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory; ask cowards if they covet safety——

Croaker. Well, well no more questions about it.

Leont. Ask the sick if they long for health, ask misers if they love money, ask——

Croaker. Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What's

come over the boy. What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

Miss Rich. Why indeed, Sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me forces me, to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gain'd with too much ease; wont you Mr. Leontine?

Leont. Confusion! (*Aside*) O by no means, Madam, by no means. And yet, Madam, you talk'd of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, Madam I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

Croaker. But I tell you, Sir the lady is not at liberty. Its a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

Leont. But Sir, she talk'd of force. Consider, Sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

Croaker. But I say there's no cruelty. Don't you know blockhead, that girls have always a round about way of saying yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone I say; I'll not hear a word.

Leont. But Sir, I must beg leave to insist—

Croaker. Get off you puppy, or I'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp. But I don't wonder, the boy takes entirely after his mother.
(*Exeunt Miss Rich. and Leont.*)

Enter MRS. CROAKER.

Mrs. Croaker. Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear that I believe will make you smile.

Croaker. I'll hold you a guinea of that my dear.

Mrs. Croaker. A letter; and, as I knew the hand, I ventur'd to open it.

Croaker. And how can you expect your breaking

open my letters should give me pleasure ?

Mrs. Croaker. Poo, its from your sister at Lyons, and contains : good news read it.

Croaker. What a Frenchified cover is here ! That sister of mine has some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

Mrs. Croaker. Fold a fiddlestick. Read what it contains.

Croaker, reading.

DEAR NICK,

An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, tho' honourable proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive, her.

Yours ever,

RACHEL CROAKER.

My daughter, Olivia, privately contracted to a man of large fortune ! This is good news indeed. My heart never foretol'd me of this. And yet, how flily the little baggage has carried it since she came home. Not a word on't to the old ones for the world. Yet, I thought, I saw something she wanted to conceal.

Mrs. Croaker. Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding that shall be public, I'm resolved.

Croaker. I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the more serious part of the nuptial engagement.

Mrs. Croaker. What ! would you have me think of their funeral ? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess ? Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury,

but for me ? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's route ? Who got him to promise us his interests ? Is not he a backstairs favourite, one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please ? Isn't he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us ?

Croaker. He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet, what amazes me is, that while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

Mrs. Croaker. That perhaps may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

Enter FRENCH SERVANT.

Servant. An exprefs from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be wait upon your honour's instrument. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree, memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one, tree minutes.

Mrs. Croaker. You see now, my dear. What an extensive department ! Well, friend, let your master know, that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there any thing ever in a higher style of breeding ! All messages among the great are now done by exprefs.

Croaker. To be sure no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claim'd.

Mrs. Croaker. Never mind the world my dear ; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect (*a loud rapping at the door*) and there he is by the thundering rap.

Croaker. Ay, verily, there he is ; as close to the heels of his own exprefs, as an indorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive

him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. *[Exit.]*

Enter LOFTY, speaking to his servant.

Lofty. And if the Venetian Ambassador, or that teasing creature the Marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be pack horse to none of them. My dear Madam, I have just snatched a moment—And if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance. Madam, I ask a thousand pardons:

Mrs. Croaker. Sir this honour——

Lofty. And Dubardieu! if the person calls about the commission let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu! If the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him I say. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. And if the Russian—Ambassador calls: but he will scarce call to-day, I believe. And now, Madam I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lofty. Sink the public, Madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teized for pensions there, and court-ed every where. I know you pity me. Yes I see you do.

Mrs. Croaker. Excuse me, Sir. Toils of empires
pleasures are, as Waller says.

Lofty. Waller, Waller; is he of the House?

Mrs. Croaker. The modern poet of that name, Sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern ! Business despise the moderns ; and as for ancient authors, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters ; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, Madam, I know nothing of books ; and yet I believe, upon a land carriage fishery, a hunt, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. Croaker. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I vow to Gad, Madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men any manner of harm—That is as mere men.

Mrs. Croaker. What importance, and yet what modesty !

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, Madam ! There I own, I'm accessible to praise : Modesty is my foible : It was so, the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. I love Jack Lofty, he used to say : no man has a finer knowledge of things ; quite a man of information ; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the lord he's prodigious, he scouts them ; and yet all men have their faults ; too much modesty is his, says his Grace.

Mrs. Croaker. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. O, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos, I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage ; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, Madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button. A fine girl, Sir ; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary. I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, Sir. That's my way, Madam.

Mrs. Croaker. Bless me ! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you ?

Lofty. I did not say the Secretary, did I ? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the Secretary.

Mrs. Croaker. This was going to the fountain head at once, not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood ! he ! he ! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him ?

Mrs. Croaker. Poor dear man ; no accident, I hope.

Lofty. Undone, Madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

Mrs. Croaker. A prisoner in his own house ! How ! At this very time ! I'm quite unhappy for him.

Lofty. Why so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good natur'd. But then I could never find that he had any thing in him.

Mrs. Croaker. His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless ; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be conceal'd, Madam ; the man was dull, dull as the last new comedy ! A poor impracticable creature ! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business ; but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange barrow.

Mrs. Croaker. How differently does Miss Richland think of him ! For I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him ! Does she ? You should cure her of that by all means. Let me see, what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation ? My life for it that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room ? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, Madam I have a regard for Miss Richland ; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olivia and Leontine.

Leont. And yet trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did every thing in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me ?

Olivia. Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear, I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

Leont. But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do ?

Olivia. Let us now rather consider what's to be done. We have both dissembled too long—I have always been ashamed—I am now quite weary of it. Sure I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

Leont. And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance. Tho' our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Olivia. Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power ? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true ; but

can it ever be thought, that his present kindness to a suppos'd child, will continue to a known deceiver?

Leont. I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as our's may be. Besides, I have found him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish, Nay, by an expression or two that dropp'd from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

Olivia. Indeed! but that would be an happiness too great to be expected.

Leont. However it be, I'm certain you have power over him; and am persuaded, if you inform'd him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

Olivia. You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

Leont. And that's the best reason for trying another.

Olivia. If it must be so, I submit.

Leont. As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. *[Exit.*

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily, neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority.

Olivia. How I tremble to approach him!—Might I presume, Sir—If I interrupt you—

Croaker. No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

Olivia. Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill

I deserve this partiality. Yet Heaven knows there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

Croaker. And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive any thing, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

Olivia. But mine is such an offence—When you know my guilt—Yes, you shall know it, tho' I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Croaker. Why then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble, for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

Olivia. Indeed ! Then I'm undone.

Croaker. Ay, Miss, you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you ! But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of crack'd china to be stuck up in a corner.

Olivia. Dear Sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

Croaker. No, no, my consequence is no more ; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in his mouth till there comes a thaw—It goes to my heart to vex her.

Olivia. I was prepar'd, Sir, for your anger, and despair'd of pardon, even while I presum'd to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

Croaker. And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

Olivia. And do you permit me to hope, Sir ! Can I ever expect to be forgiven ! But hope has too long deceiv'd me.

Croaker. Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment. I forgive you all ; and now you are indeed my daughter.

Olivia. O transport ! This kindness overpowers me.

Croaker. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

Olivia. What generosity ! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation——

Croaker. You did indeed dissemble, you urchin you ; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for an husband ! My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little before hand.

Olivia. It shall be my future care never to put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that——

Enter LEONTINE.

Leont. Permit him thus to answer for himself. (*Kneeling.*) Thus, Sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, Sir, this even exceeds all your former tendernefs ; I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life, he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

Croaker. And, good, Sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner ? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

Leont. How, Sir ! is it possible to be silent when so much oblig'd ! Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful ! Of adding my thanks to my Olivia's ! Of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasion'd ?

Croaker. Lord, Sir. we can be happy enough, without your coming in to make up the party. I

don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all the morning!

Leont. But, Sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to shew my joy? Is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation. Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

Croaker. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister!

Leont. My sister!

Olivia. Sister! How have I been mistaken! (*Aside.*)

Leont. Some curs'd mistake in all this I find. (*Aside.*)

Croaker. What does the booby mean, or has he any meaning Eh, what do you mean, you block-head you?

Leont. Mean, Sir—why, Sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, Sir; that is, of giving her away, Sir—I have made a point of it.

Croaker. O, is that all. Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

Olivia. O! yes, Sir, very happy.

Croaker. Do you foresee any thing, child? You look as if you did. I think if any thing was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look out as another; and yet I foresee nothing.

LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

Olivia. What can it mean?

Leont. He knows something, and yet for my life I can't tell what.

Olivia. It can't be the connexion between us, I'm pretty certain.

Leont. Whatever it be, my dearest, I'm resolv'd to put it out of Fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste, and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promis'd me his advice and assistance. I'll go to him, and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom: and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasinesses, he will at least share them.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

Scene, Young Honeywood's House. Enter BAILIFF, HONEYWOOD, FOLLOWER.

Bailiff. Looky, Sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time: no disparagement of you neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to shew a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honeyw. Without all question, Mr. ——. I forget your name, Sir?

Bailiff. How can you forget what you never knew? he, he, he.

Honeyw. May I beg leave to ask your name ?

Bailiff. Yes, you may.

Honeyw. Then, pray, Sir, what is your name, Sir ?

Bailiff. That I didn't promise to tell you. He, he, he. A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practice the law.

Honeyw. You may have reason for keeping it a secret perhaps.

Bailiff. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, Sir. If you can shew cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And now you know my name, what have you say to that ?

Honeyw. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bailiff. Ay; favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practice the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me to perjure myself ?

Honeyw. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as I believe you'll have no scruple (*pulling out his purse*) The thing is only this ; I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest ; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged ; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bailiff. Oh ! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get any thing by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honeyw. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch ; and your's is a necessary one. (*Gives him money*)

Bailiff. Oh ? your honour ; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but

my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman, was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honeyw. Tendernefs is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

Bailiff. Ay, Sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honeyw. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bailiff. Humanity, Sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People, may say, that we in our way, have no humanity; but I'll shew you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children, a guinea or two would be more to him, than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't shew him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

Honeyw. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, your's is a most powerful recommendation (*giving money to the follower.*)

Bailiff. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes—Little Flanigan here, to be sure has a good face; a very good face but then, he is a little feedy, as we say among us that practice the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket holes.

Honeyw. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honeyw. How unluckly. Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Flanigan have a suit of my cloaths—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

Servant. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honeyw. The white and gold then.

Servant. That your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

Honeyw. Well the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr Flanigan will look best in blue. *[Exit Flanigan.]*

Baliff. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in any thing. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weazle. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco when I took him to follow me. *(Re-enter Flanigan)* Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honeyw. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bailiff Never you fear me, I'll shew the Lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that is all the difference between them.

Enter Miss RICHLAND and her MAID.

Miss Rich. You'll be surpris'd, Sir, with this visit. But you know I'm to thank you for choos'ing my little library.

Honeyw. Thanks, Madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was oblig'd by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Rich. Who can these odd looking men be ! I fear it is as I was inform'd. It must be so. (*aside.*)

Bailiff (after a pause) Pretty weather, very pretty weather for the time of the year, Madam.

Follower. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honeyw. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, Madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss Rich. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, Sir ?

Honeyw. Why, Madam, they do—occasionally serve in the fleet, Madam. A dangerous service.

Miss Rich. I'm told so. And I own, it has often surpris'd me, that while we had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honeyw. I grant, Madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought ; but, they have done all they could, and Hawke and Amherst could do no more.

Miss Rich. I'm quite displeas'd when I see a fine subject spoil'd by a dull writer.

Honeyw. We should not be so severe against dull

writers, Madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Follower. Damn the French, the parle vous, and all that belongs to them.

Miss Rich. Sir !

Honeyw. Ha, ha, ha, honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, Madam ; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Rich. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of the French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bailiff. Taste us ! By the Lord, Madam, they devour us. Give Monseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd, but they come in for a bellyful.

Miss Rich. Very extraordinary this.

Follower. But very true. What makes the bread rising, the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound, the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer three pence halfpenny a pot—

Honeyw. Ah ; the vulgar rogues, all will be out. Right, gentlemen, very right upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, Madam, between the mental taste, and that of our senses. We are injur'd as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Rich. Tho' I don't see the force of the parallel, yet, I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bailiff. That's all my eye. The King only can pardon, as the law says : for set in case——

Honeyw. I'm quite of your opinion, Sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly

our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bailiff. By his *habus corpus*. His *habus corpus* can set him free at any time. For set in case—

Hone yrw. I'm obliged to you, Sir, for the hint. If, Madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Follower. Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd, you know——

Honeyw. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bailiff. As for the matter of that, mayhap—

Honeyw. Nay, Sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves: what is it, but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law——

Honeyw. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, Madam, of his course of law.

Miss Rich. I protest, Sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question, is about severity and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing—

Honeyw. O curse your explanations. (*Aside.*)

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Mr. Leontine, Sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honeyw. That's lucky (*aside*) Dear Madam, you'll excuse me, and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, Sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But, I know your natural politeness.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Follower. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind. (*Exeunt Honeywood, Bailiff, and Follower.*

Miss Rich. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Garnet. Mean, Madam? why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers, are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers; bailiffs, Madam.

Miss Rich. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, tho' his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure; yet, I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

Garnet. And so they are. But I wonder, Madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts, and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles, than out of them.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Will. For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet, it gives me pleasure to find, that, among a number

of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value ; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha ! here before me : I'll endeavour to sound her affection. Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me, if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss Rich. The precaution was very unnecessary, Sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

Sir Will. Partly, Madam. But, I was also willing you should be fully apprized of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss Rich. It must come, Sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after, ~~what~~ you have done, would look like malice ; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure, his tendernefs, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

Sir Will. That friendship, Madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water disappears when diffused too widely. They, who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers, or dupes. Men who desire to cover their private ill-nature, by a pretended regard for all ; or, men who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid, than of useful virtues.

Miss Rich. I am surprised, Sir, to hear one who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

Sir Will. Whatever I may have gained by folly, Madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

Miss Rich. Your cares for me, Sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps,

in hopes of a refusal. No, Sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

Sir Will. 'Thou amiable woman. I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude: my pleasure. You see before you, one who has been equally careful of his interest; one, who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished, in hopes to reclaim them—His uncle.

Miss Rich. Sir William Honeywood! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion? I fear, Sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I —

Sir Will. Don't make any apologies, Madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learnt, Madam, that you had some demands upon government, I have, tho' unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss Rich. Sir, I'm infinitely obliged to your intentions. But my guardian has employed another gentleman who assures him of success.

Sir Will. Who, the important little man that visits here! Trust me, Madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion, than his person, I assure you.

Miss Rich. How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir Will. Does he! Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off, I'll visit to his Grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of

humanity. I'm very sorry, Madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shewn every where and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss Rich. I find, Sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear Madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do every thing; and then, I do so much in this way every day: Let me see, something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of Dukes, two dozen Lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

Sir Will. And after all, its more than probable, Sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, Madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir Will. His uncle! Then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

Lofty. Meaning me, Sir?—Yes, Madam, as I often said, my dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do any thing as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family; but what can be done; there's no procuring first rate places, for ninth rate abilities.

Miss Rich. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment; he confided in your judgement, I suppose.

Lofty. Why, yes, Madam; I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

Miss Rich. Pray, Sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, Madam—but let it go no further—it was I procured him his place.

Sir *Will.* Did you, Sir ?

Lofty. Either you or I, Sir.

Miss *Rich.* This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind, indeed.

Lofty I did love him, to be sure ; he had some amusing qualities ; no man was fitter to be toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

Miss *Rich.* A better head ?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure he was as dull as a choice spirit ; but hang it, he was grateful, very grateful ; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir *Will.* He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir *Will.* Dignity of person, do you mean, Sir ? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, Sir.

Lofty. Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment ; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the Lady perceives my meaning.

Miss *Rich.* O perfectly ; you courtiers can do any thing, I see.

Lofty My dear Madam, all this is but a mere exchange ; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now : let me suppose you the first lord of the treasury, you have an employment in you that I want ; I have a place in me that you want ; do me here, do you there ; interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and its over.

Sir *Will.* A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, Madam ; and as he seems, Sir, an acquaintance of yours ; you'll be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy ; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. The devil he is ! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted. (*Aside.*)

Sir Will. He is certainly return'd ; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him ; there are some papers relative to your affairs, that require dispatch and his inspection.

Miss Rich. This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs : I know you'll serve us.

Lofty. My dear Madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

Sir Will. That would be quite unnecessary.

Lofty. Well, we must introduce you then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days,

Sir Will. Now, or the opportunity will be lost forever.

Lofty. Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But damn it, that's unfortunate ; my lord Grig's curs'd Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time—

Sir Will. A short letter to Sir William will do.

Lofty. You shall have it ; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work ; face to face that's my way.

Sir Will. The letter Sir will do quite as well.

Lofty. Zounds, Sir, do you pretend to direct me ; direct me in the business of office ? Do you know me Sir ? who am I ?

Miss Rich. Dear Mr. Lofty this request is not so much his as mine ; if my commands—but you despise my power.

Lofty. Delicate creature ! Your commands could even controul a debate at midnight ; to a power so constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter ; where is my secretary ? Du-bardieu ! And yet, I protest I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—But you will have it so. *(Exit with Miss Rich.)*

SIR WILLIAM, *alone.*

Sir *Will.* Ha ha ha ! This too is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt, serve but to sink us. Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview ; exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves, may be of use to my design ; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

Enter JARVIS.

Sir *Will.* How now, Jarvis, where's your master my nephew ?

Jarvis. At his wits end, I believe ; he's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

Sir *Will.* How so ?

Jarvis. The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging tooth and nail in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir *Will.* Ever busy to serve others.

Jarvis. Ay, any body but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland, and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir *Will.* Money ! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself ?

Jarvis. Why, there it is ; he has no money, that's true ; but then, as he never said no to any request in his life he has given them a bill drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get chang'd ; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir *Will.* How !

Jarvis. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception, when they return ; so they borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir *Will.* To the land of matrimony ! A pleasant journey, Jarvis.

Jarvis. Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

Sir *Will.* Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connexions, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discover'd that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew ; and will endeavour, tho' I fear in vain, to establish that connexion. But come, the letter I wait for must be almost finish'd ; Ill let you further into my intentions, in the next room. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT IV.

SCENE *Croaker's House.*

LOFTY.

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality : but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole court Register in less time than they could print the title page ; yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine

girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing. Ha ! Honeywood here before me. Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty ?

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business ; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

Honeyw. It is unfortunate indeed Sir, But what adds to my uneasiness is that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I, myself, continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

Lofty. How ? not know the friend that served you ?

Honeyw. Can't guess at the person.

Lofty. Enquire.

Honeyw. I have, but all I can learn is, that he chuses to remain concealed, and that all enquiry must be fruitless.

Lofty. Must be fruitless ?

Honeyw. Absolutely fruitless.

Lofty. Sure of that ?

Honeyw. Very sure.

Lofty. Then I'll be damn'd if you shall ever know it for me.

Honeyw. How, Sir !

Lofty. I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away ; I know you do. The world to be sure says such things of me.

Honeyw. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend ?

Lofty. To nothing ; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that I never yet patronized a man of merit.

Honeyw. I have heard instances to the contrary even from yourself.

Lofty. Yes, Honeywood, and there are instances to the contrary, that you shall never hear from myself.

Honeyw. Ha, dear Sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

Lofty. Sir, ask me no questions : I say, Sir, ask me no questions I'll be damn'd if I answer them.

Honeyw. I will ask no further. My friend, my benefactor, it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks ; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

Lofty. I protest I don't understand all this, Mr. Honeywood. You treat me very cavalierly, I do assure you, Sir. Blood, Sir can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings without all this parade ?

Honeyw. Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

Lofty. Confess it ! Torture itself, Sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out ; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation ; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always lov'd to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—Indeed we must.

Honeyw. Heavens ! Can I ever repay such friendship ! Is there any way ! Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation ?

Lofty. A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle. But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be a pity to disappoint you.

Honeyw. How ! Teach me the manner. Is there any way ?

Lofty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

Honeyw. And can I assist you ?

Lofty. Nobody so well.

Honeyw. In what manner ? I'm all impatience.

Lofty. You shall make love for me.

Honeyw. And to whom shall I speak in your favour ?

Lofty. To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you. Miss Richland.

Honeyw. Miss Richland !

Lofty. Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hilt, in my bosom, by Jupiter.

Honeyw. Heaven's was ever any thing more unfortunate ! It is too much to be endur'd.

Lofty. Unfortunate indeed ! And yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm no apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honeyw. Indeed ! But do you know the person you apply to ?

Lofty. Yes, I know you are her friend and mine : that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is your's at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered, it shall be so. (*Exit.*)

Honeyw. Open, generous, unsuspecting man ! He little thinks that I love her too ; and with such an ardent passion !—But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one ; my torment, my persecution ! What shall I do ! Love, friendship, a hopeless passion, a deserving friend ! Love, that has been my tormentor ; a friend, that has, perhaps, distress'd himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will dis-

card the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another!—Insupportable. But then to betray a generous, trusting friend?—Worse, worse. Yes, I'm resolv'd. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country, where I must for ever despair of finding my own. (*Exit.*)

Enter OLIVIA and GARNET, who carries a Milliner's Box.

Olivia. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

Garnet. Why, to be sure, Madam, I heard him say, a little snubbing before marriage, would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

Olivia. To be gone a full hour, tho' he had only to get a bill changed in the city? How provoking!

Garnet. I'll lay my life, Mr. Leontine that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn; and here you are left behind.

Olivia. Well let us be prepar'd for his coming however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing Garnet?

Garnet. Not a stick, Madam—all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world in any thing but white. I knew one Bett Stubs, of our town, that was married in red; and as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and her had a miss before morning.

Olivia. No matter. I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

Garnet. Bless me, Madam, I had almost forgot the wedding-ring!—The sweet little thing—I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if

I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of necessity, Madam ? But here's Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

Olivia. O, Jarvis, are you come at last ? We have been ready this half hour. Now let's be going. Let us fly !

Jarvis. Aye, to Jericho ; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

Olivia How ! What's the matter ?

Jarvis. Money, money, is the matter, Madam. We have got no money. What a plague do you send me of your fool's errand for ? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is ; Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

Olivia. Undone ! How could Honeywood serve us so ! What shall we do ? Can't we go without it ?

Jarvis. Go to Scotland without money ! To Scotland without money ! Lord how some people understand geography ! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork jacket.

Olivia. Such a disappointment ! What a base insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner. Is this his good nature ?

Jarvis. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, Madam I won't bear to hear any body talk ill of him but myself.

Garnet. Bless us ! now I think on't, Madam, you need not be under any uneasiness : I saw Mr. Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

Olivia. Well remember'd, Garnet ; I'll write immediately. How's this ! Bless me, my hand trembles so I can't write a word. Do you write Gar-

net ; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

Garnet. Truly, Madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was kute at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose ?

Olivia. Whatever you please.

Garnet. (*Writing.*) Muster Croaker — Twenty guineas, Madam ?

Olivia. Ay, twenty will do.

Garnet. At the bar of the Talbot till call'd for. Expedition—will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick, dispatch—Cupid the little God of Love—I conclude it, Madam, with Cupid ; I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

Olivia. Well, well, what you please, any thing. But how shall we send it ? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

Garnet. Odsso, Madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room ; he's a dear, sweet man : he'll do any thing for me.

Jarvis. He ! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a day.

Olivia. No matter. Fly Garnet ; any body we can trust will do. (*Exit Garnet.*) Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us. You may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands Jarvis ?

Jarvis. Soft and fair, young lady. You that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast ; but we that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, Madam.

Olivia. Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again——

Jarvis. My life for it you would do them ten times over.

Olivia. Why will you talk so ? If you knew how unhappy they make me——

Jarvis. Very unhappy, no doubt : I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that——

Olivia. A story ! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature ?——

Jarvis. Well, Madam, if we must march, why we will march ; that's all. 'Tho', odds bobs we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without ; —a case of good razors, and a box of shaving powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. *(going.)*

Enter GARNET.

Garnet. Undone, undone, Madam. Ah, Mr. Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler, drop'd the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just pick'd it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

Olivia. Unfortunate ! We shall be discover'd.

Garnet. No, Madam ; don't be uneasy, he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means for all that. O Lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors !

Olivia. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask farther questions. In the meantime, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Death and destruction ! Are all the horrors of air, fire and water to be levelled only at me ! Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles and conflagration ! Here it is—An

A COMEDY.

incendiary letter drop'd at my door. *To Muster Croaker, these with speed.* Ay, ay, plain enough the direction : all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. *With speed.* O, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads*)

Muster Croaker, as sone as yoev see this leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell called for or yowe and yower experetion will be al blown up. Ah but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up ! murderous dog ! All blown up ! Heavens ! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up ! (*reads*) *Our pockets are low, and money we most have.* Ay, there's the reason ; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets, (*Reads*) *It is but a short time you have to consider ; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame.* Inhuman monsters ! blow us up and then burn us. The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) *Make quick dispatch, and so no more at present.* But may Cupid, the little God of Love, go with you wherever you go. The little God of Love ! Cupid, the little God of Love go with me ! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together ; I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder ! We shall be all burnt in our beds. We shall all be burnt in our beds.

Enter Miss RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. Lord, Sir, what's the matter ?

Croaker. Murder's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss Rich. I hope not Sir.

Croaker. What signifies what you hope, Madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand. Will nothing alarm my family ! Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating is the only work from morning

till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep tho' rock'd by an earthquake ; and fry beef steaks at a volcano.

Miss Rich. But Sir, you have alarmed them so often already, we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues and mad dogs from year's end to year's end. You remember, Sir, it is not above a month ago you assur'd us of a conspiracy among the bakers, to poison us in our bread ; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Croaker. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without ! Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below ; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. [Exit.

Miss RICHLAND alone.

Miss Rich. What can he mean by all this ? Yet, why should I enquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day ! But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean ; or, rather, what means this palpitation at his approach ! It is the first time he ever shewed any thing in his conduct that seem'd particular. Sure he cannot mean to——but he's here.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. I presum'd to solicit this interview, Madam, before I left town, to be permitted—

Miss Rich. Indeed ! Leaving town, Sir ?—

Honeyw. Yes, Madam ; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview—in order to disclose something which our

long friendship prompts. And yet my fears—

Miss Rich. His fears ! What are his fears to mine !

(*Aside.*

We have indeed been long acquainted, Sir ; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's—Do you recollect how you were pleas'd to rally me upon my complexion there ?

Honeyw. Perfectly, Madam ; I presum'd to reprove you for painting ; but your warmer blushes soon convinc'd the company, that the colouring was all from nature.

Miss Rich. And yet you only meant it, in your good natur'd way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner you danc'd that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

Honeyw. Yes ; and was rewarded the next night, by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom every body wish'd to take out.

Miss Rich. Well, Sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgement has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally shew to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

Honeyw. The first impression, Madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious flattered beauty. I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

Miss Rich. This Sir, is a style very unusual with Mr. Honeywood ; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lessons hath taught me to despise.

Honeyw. I ask pardon, Madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss Rich. Sir ! I beg you'd reflect ; tho', I fear, I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of

your's ; yet, you may be precipitate : confider, Sir.

Honeyw. I own my rashnefs ; but, as I plead the caufe of friendship, of one who loves—Don't be alarmed, Madam—Who loves you with the moft ardent paſſion ; whoſe whole happinefs is placed in you—

Miss Rich. I fear, Sir, I ſhall never find whom you mean by this deſcription of him.

Honeyw. Ah, Madam, it but too plainly points him out ; tho' he ſhould be too humble himſelf to urge his pretenſions, or you too modeſt to underſtand them.

Miss Rich. Well ; it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance ; and, I will own, Sir I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wiſh to make his heart mine, as he ſeem'd himſelf ignorant of its value.

Honeyw. I ſee ſhe always lov'd him (*aſide*) I find, Madam, you're already ſenſible of his worth, his paſſion. How happy is my friend, to be the favourite of one with ſuch ſenſe to diſtinguiſh merit, and ſuch beauty to reward it.

Miss Rich. Your friend. What friend ?

Honeyw. My beſt friend—My friend Mr. Lofty, Madam.

Miss Rich. He, Sir !

Honeyw. Yes, he Madam. He is, indeed, what your warmeſt wiſhes might have form'd him. And to his other qualities, he adds that of the moſt paſſionate regard for you.

Miss Rich. Amazement ! No more of this, I beg you, Sir.

Honeyw. I ſee your confuſion, Madam, and know how to interpret it. And ſince I ſo plainly read the language of your heart, ſhall I make my friend happy, by communicating your ſentiments ?

Miss Rich. By no means.

Honeyw. Excuse me ; I muſt ; I know you deſire it.

Miss Rich. Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you, that

you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance ; but now, Sir, I see that it is vain to expect happiness from him, who has been so bad an œconomist of his own ; and that I must disclaim his friendship, who ceases to be a friend to himself.

[*Exit.*

Honeyw. How is this ! she has confessed she lov'd him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done any thing to reproach myself with ? No ; I believe not ; yet, after all ; these things should not be done by a third person ; I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

Enter CROAKER, with the Letter in his Hand, and Mrs. CROAKER.

Mrs. Croaker. Ha, ha, ha ! And so my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion ? Ha, ha.

Croaker (Mimicking) Ha, ha, ha ! and so my dear it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation ?

Mrs. Croaker. Positively, my dear, what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me ? Our house may travel thro' the air like the house of Loretto, for ought I care if I'm to be miserable in it.

Croaker. Would to Heaven it were converted into an house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to alarm us ? Perhaps, this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

Croaker. Give them money !—And pray, what right have they to my money ?

Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what right then have you to my good humour ?

Croaker. And so your good humour advises me to,

part with my money ? Why then, to tell your good humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's my dear Honeywood, see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror ; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh.

Mrs. Croaker. Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

Croaker. If he does, I'll suffer to be hang'd the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

Mrs. Croaker. Speak, Mr. Honeywood, is there any thing more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion ?

Honeyw. It would not become me to decide, Madam ; but doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now, will but invite them to renew their villainy another time.

Mrs. Croaker I told you, he'd be of my opinion.

Croaker. How, Sir ? do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and shew, neither by my tears, or complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me ?

Honeyw. Pardon me, Sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Croaker. Ay, whose opinion is he of now ?

Mrs. Croaker. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way ?

Honeyw. What is the best, Madam, few can say ; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croaker. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

Honeyw. Why, Sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

Mrs. Croaker. But can any thing be more absurd than to double our distresses by our apprehensions

and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us ?

Honeyw. Without doubt nothing more absurd.

Croaker. How ! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake ?

Honeyw. Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

Croaker. Then you are of my opinion ?

Honeyw. Entirely.

Mrs. Croaker. And you reject mine ?

Honeyw. Heavens forbid, Madam. No, sure no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

Mrs. Croaker. O ! then you think I'm quite right ?

Honeyw. Perfectly right.

Croaker. A plague of plagues, we can't be both right. I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

Mrs. Croaker. Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

Honeyw. And why may not both be right, Madam : Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour ? Pray let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the talbot inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, Sir, go there ; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him ?

Croaker. My dear friend its the very thing ; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar ; burst out upon the miscreant like a masqued battery ; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honeyw. Yes ; but I would not chuse to exercise

too much severity. It is my maxim, Sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

Croaker. Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? [*Ironically.*]

Honeyw. Ay but not punish him too rigidly.

Croaker. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honeyw. Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt Honeywood and Mrs. Croaker.*]

Croaker. Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

Enter OLIVIA, JARVIS.

Olivia. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready—

Jarvis. The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they chuse to take their own time.

Olivia. You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

Jarvis. Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time; besides you don't consider, we have got no answer from our fellow traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Olivia. What way?

Jarvis. The way home again.

Olivia. Not so. I have made a resolution to go; and nothing shall induce me to break it.

Jarvis. Ay; resolutions are well kept when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call too at the bar to see if any thing should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, Madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you. *(Exit Jarvis.)*

Enter LANDLADY.

Landlady. What! Solomon; why don't you move? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there.—Will nobody answer? To the Dolphin; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half hour. Did your ladyship call, Madam?

Olivia. No, Madam.

Landlady. I find, as you're for Scotland, Madam—But, that's no business of mine; married, or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure, we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The Gentleman, for a taylor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken taylor, as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young Lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

Olivia. But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

Landlady. May be not. That's no business of mine; for certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman.—Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge-Lane.

Olivia. A very pretty picture of what lies before me. *(Aside.)*

Enter LEONTINE.

Leont. My dear Olivia, my anxiety till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, tho' it exposes us to a discovery.

Olivia. May every thing you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the city, has, it seems been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

Leont. How ! An offer of his own too. Sure, he could not mean to deceive us.

Olivia. Depend upon his sincerity ; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

Landlord. Not quite yet : and, begging your Ladyship's pardon, I don't think your Ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north road is a cold place, Madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as every was tipt over tongue. Just a thimble full to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both away as good natur'd—Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and drive away post boy was the word.

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look ; for wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha ! who have we here ? My son and daughter ! What can they be doing here !

Landlady. I tell you, Madam, it will do you good ;

I think I know by this time what's good for the north road. Its, a raw night, Madam.—Sir—

Leont. Not a drop more, good Madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the horses, for I am afraid to be seen myself.

Landlady. That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say.

[*Exit bawling.*]

Olivia. Well; I dread lest an expedition begun in fear, should end in repentance.—Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

Leont. There's no danger trust me, my dear; there can be none: if Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

Olivia. I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there's a reason.

Leont. Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

Olivia. I don't know that; but I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

Croaker. (*Discovering himself*) How does he look now?—How does he look now?

Olivia. Ah!

Leont. Undone.

Croaker. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am your's, What, you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell

me first where you are going ? and when you have told me that, perhaps, I shall know as little as I did before.

Leont. If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

Croaker. I want no information from you, puppy : and you too, good Madam, what answer have you got ? Eh (*a cry without, stop him*) I think I heard a noise. My friend, Honeywood, without—has he seized the incendiary ? Ah, no, for now I hear no more on't.

Leont. Honeywood, without ! Then, Sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither.

Croaker. No, Sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

Leont. Is it possible ?

Croaker. Possible ! Why, he's in the house now, Sir. More anxious about me, than my own son, Sir.

Leont. Then Sir he's a villain.

Croaker. How, firrah ! a villain, because he takes most care of your father ? I'll not bear it. I tell you I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

Leont. I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

Croaker. Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. (*A cry without, stop him*) Fire and fury ! they have seized the incendiary : they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him, stop an incendiary, a murderer ; stop him. [*Exit.*]

Olivia. Oh, my terrors ! What can this new tumult mean ?

Leont. Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction : he shall give me instant satisfaction.

Olivia. It must not be my Leontine, if you value my esteem, or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes—Consider that

our innocence will shortly be all we have left us. You must forgive him.

Leont Forgive him ! Has he not in every instance betrayed us ? Forc'd me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us : promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape ?

Olivia. Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

Enter POSTBOY, dragging in JARVIS : HONEYWOOD entering soon after.

Postboy. Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward ; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

Honeyw. Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crime. (*discovering his mistake*). Death ! what's here ! Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia ! What can all this mean ?

Jarvis. Why, I'll tell you what it means : that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

Honeyw. Confusion.

Leont. Yes, Sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured.

Honeyw. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

Leont. Peace, peace, for shame ; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you Sir, I know you.

Honeyw. Why, wont you hear me ! By all that's just, I knew not—

Leont. Hear you, Sir ! to what purpose ? I now see through all your low arts ; your ever complying with every opinion ; your never refusing any request ;

your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious: all these, Sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

Honeyw. Ha! contemptible to the world! That reaches me. (*Aside.*)

Leont. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

Enter CROAKER out of Breath.

Croaker. Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? (*seizing the post-boy.*) Hold him fast, the dog; he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

Post-Boy. Zounds! Master, what do you throttle me for?

Croaker. (*Beating him.*) Dog, do you resist; do you resist?

Post-Boy. Zounds! Master, I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

Croaker. How!

Honeyw. Mr. Croaker, we have been all under a strange mistake here; I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

Croaker. And I say, Sir, that you're in an error; for there's guilt and double guilt, a plot, a damn'd jesuitical pestilential plot, and I must have proof of it.

Honeyw. Do but hear me.

Croaker. What, you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose; I'll hear nothing.

Honeyw. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

Olivia. Excuse me.

Honeyw. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

Jarvis. What signifies explanations, when the thing is done.

Honeyw. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice! (*To the Postboy.*) My good friend, I believe you'll be surprized when I assure you——

Post Boy. Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

Croaker. Come then, you Madam, if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

Olivia. Unhappily, Sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions: you see before you, Sir, one that with false pretences has stept into your family to betray it: not your daughter——

Croaker. Not my daughter!

Olivia. Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who—support me, I cannot——

Honeyw. Help, she's going, give her air.

Croaker. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whose ever daughter she may be—not so bad as that neither.

(*Exeunt all but Croaker.*)

Croaker. Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair: my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand, we never feel them when they come.

Enter Miss RICHLAND and Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Will. But how do you know, Madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

Miss Rich. My maid assured me he was come to this inn, and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom, suggested the rest. But what do I see, my guardian here before us ! Who, my dear Sir, could have expected meeting you here ; to what accident do we owe this pleasure ?

Croaker. To a fool I believe.

Miss Rich. But to what purpose did you come ?

Croaker. To play the fool.

Miss Rich. But with whom ?

Croaker. With greater fools than myself.

Miss Rich. Explain.

Croaker. Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here ; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who, that is here ! so now you are as wise as I am.

Miss Rich. Married ! to whom, Sir ?

Croaker. To Olivia ; my daughter, as I took her to be ; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

Sir Will. Then, Sir, I can inform you ; and tho' a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family : it will be enough at present, to assure you, that, both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville—

Croaker. Sir James Woodville ! What, of the West ?

Sir Will. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent into France, under pretence of education ; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris : and, as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with

more pleasing violence ; gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Croaker. But I intend to have a daughter of my own chusing, Sir. A young lady, Sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofty, Sir ?

Sir Will. Yes, Sir ; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you. (*Croaker and Sir William seem to confer.*)

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage ! Insulted by him, despis'd by all, I now begin to grow contemptible, even to myself. How have I sunk by too great an assiduity to please ! How have I overtax'd all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me ! But all is now over ; I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships, and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

Miss Rich. Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends ? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be ?

Honeyw. Yes, Madam ; and tho' I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven, I leave you to happiness ; to one who loves you, and deserves your love ; to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss Rich. And are you sure, Sir, that the gentleman you mean, is what you describe him.

Honeyw. I have the best assurances of it, his serving me. He does indeed deserve the highest happiness and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all,

and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find but in solitude? What hope but in being forgotten?

Miss Rich. A thousand! to live among friends that esteem you, whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

Honeyw. No, Madam; my resolution is fix'd. Inferiority among strangers is easy, but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to shew you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess, that among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, Madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortur'd with its own. But it is over, it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

Miss Rich. You amaze me!

Honeyw. But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. (*Going.*)

Miss Rich. Stay, Sir, one moment—Ha! he here—

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Is the coast clear? None but friends. I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence: but it goes no farther, things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss Rich. Sooner, Sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood.

Miss Rich. It is fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense,

your thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible.

Quietus is the word, Madam.

Miss Rich. But how! his Lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss Rich. He! why Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month! It must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me, I'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That's from Paoli of Corsica, that from the marquis of Squilachi.—Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland—Honest Pon——

(*Searching.*)

O, Sir, what are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir Will. Sir, I have delivered it, and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croaker. Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say.—You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir Will. Yes, Sir, I believe you'll be amazed, if, after waiting some time in the anti-chamber, after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good; let me die, very good. Ha! ha! ha!

Croaker. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't Ha ! ha !

Croaker. No, for the soul of me ; I think it was as confounded a bad answer, as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message ? Why I was in the house at that very time. Ha ! ha ! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha ! ha !

Croaker. Indeed ! How ! why !

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard, I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Croaker. And so it does indeed, and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions ! What then you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you ? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends, we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over ; I say it's over.

Croaker. As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds, Sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus ! Who am I ? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs ! Have I been libelled in the Gazetteer, and praised in the St. James's : have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant Taylor's Hall : have I had my hand to addressee, and my head in the print-shops, and talk to me of suspects !

Croaker. My dear Sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon ?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified—Suspects ! Who am I, to be used thus ? Have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the Lords of the Treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects ! Who am I, I say

who am I!

Sir Will. Since, Sir, you're so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are. A gentleman, as well acquainted with politics, as with men in power: as well acquainted with persons of fashion, as with modesty; with Lords of the Treasury, as with truth; and with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

(Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.)

Croaker. Sir William Honeywood!

Honeyw. Astonishment! my uncle! *(Aside.)*

Lofty. So then my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croaker. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You who have been dreaded by the ins and outs: you who have had your hand to addressees, and your head stuck up in print shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will, for by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir Will. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croaker. Ay, Sir, too well I see it, and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty, in helping him to a better.

Sir Will. I approve your resolution, and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

Enter Mrs. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

Mrs. Croaker. Where's my husband! Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and, I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croaker. I wish we could both say so: however, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you, in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think, we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it. *(Joining their hands.)*

Leont. How blest, and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness! But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And, as for this gentleman, to whom we owe——

Sir Will. Excuse me, Sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. *(Turning to Honeywood.)* Yes, Sir, you are surpris'd to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw, with indignation, the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition, which, tho' inclin'd to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty. Your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship but credulity. I saw with regret, great talents and extensive learning, only employed to add sprightliness to error, and encrease your perplexities. I saw your mind with a thousand natural charms: but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

Honeyw. Cease to upbraid me, Sir; I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes,

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE schoolmen had formerly a very exact way of computing the abilities of their saints or authors. Escobar, for instance, was said to have learning as five, genius as four, and gravity as seven. Cramuel was greater than he. His learning was as eight, his genius as six, and his gravity as thirteen. Were I to estimate the merits of our Chinese Philosopher by the same scale, I would not hesitate to state his genius still higher; but as to his learning and gravity, these, I think, might safely be marked as nine hundred and ninety-nine, without one degree of absolute frigidity.

Yet, upon his first appearance here, many were angry not to find him as ignorant as a Tripoline ambassador, or an envoy from Mujac. They were surprized to find a man born so far from London, that school of prudence and wisdom, endued even with a moderate capacity. They expressed the same surprize at his knowledge, that the Chinese do at ours. "How comes it, (said they), that the Europeans, so remote from China think with so much justice and precision? They have never read our books, they scarcely know even our letters, and yet they talk and reason just as we do *." The truth is, the Chinese and we are pretty much alike. Different degrees of refinement, and not of distance, mark the distinctions among mankind. Savages of the most opposite climates have all but one character of improvidence and rapacity; and tutored

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* Le Comte, vol. I. p. 102

nations, however separate, make use of the very same methods to procure refined enjoyment.

The distinctions of polite nations are few; but such as are peculiar to the Chinese, appear in every page of the following correspondence. The metaphors and allusions are all drawn from the East. Their formality our author carefully preserves. Many of their favourite tenets in morals are illustrated. The Chinese are always concise, so is he: Simple, so is he. The Chinese are grave and sententious, so is he. But in one particular, the resemblance is peculiarly striking: the Chinese are often dull, and so is he. Nor has my assistance been wanting. We are told, in an old romance, of a certain knight-errant and his horse who contracted an intimate friendship. The horse most usually bore the knight; but, in cases of extraordinary dispatch, the knight returned the favour, and carried his horse. Thus, in the intimacy between my author and me, he has usually given me a lift of his eastern sublimity, and I have sometimes given him a return of my colloquial ease.

Yet, it appears strange, in this season of panegyric, when scarce an author passes unpraised, either by friends or himself, that such merit as our Philosopher's should be forgotten. While the epithets of ingenious, copious, elaborate, and refined, are lavished among the mob, like medals at a coronation, the lucky prizes fall on every side, but not one on him. I could on this occasion, make myself melancholy, by considering the capriciousness of public taste, or the mutability of fortune: but during this fit of morality, lest my reader should sleep, I'll take a nap myself, and, when I awake, tell him my dream.

I imagined the Thames frozen over, and I stood by its side. Several booths were erected upon the ice, and I was told by one of the spectators, that FASHION FAIR was going to begin. He added, that every author who would carry his works there,

might probably find a very good reception. I was resolved however to observe the humours of the place in safety, from the shore, sensible that ice was at best precarious, and having been always a little cowardly in my sleep.

Several of my acquaintance seemed much more hardy than I, and went over the ice with intrepidity.

Some carried their works to the fair on sledges, some on carts, and those which were more voluminous, were conveyed in waggons. Their temerity astonished me, I knew their cargoes were heavy, and expected every moment they would have gone to the bottom. They all entered the fair however, in safety, and each soon after returned, to my great surprise, highly satisfied with his entertainment, and the bargains he had brought away.

The success of such numbers at last began to operate upon me. If these, cried I meet with favour and safety, some luck may, perhaps for once, attend the unfortunate. I am resolved to make a new adventure. The furniture, frippery, and fire-works of China, have long been fashionably bought up. I'll try the fair with a small cargo of Chinese morality. If the Chinese have contributed to vitiate our taste, I'll try how far they can help to improve our understanding. But, as others have driven into the market in waggons, I'll cautiously begin by venturing with a wheel-barrow. Thus resolved, I baled up my goods, and fairly ventured; when upon just entering the fair, I fancied the ice, that had supported an hundred waggons before, cracked under me, and wheel barrow and all went to the bottom.

Upon awaking from my reverie, with the fright, I could not help wishing, that the pains taken in giving this correspondence an English dress, had been employed in contriving new political systems or new plots for farces. I might then have taken my station in the world, either as a poet or a philosopher; and made one in those little societies where men club to raise each other's reputation. But at present I

belong to no particular class. I resemble one of those solitary animals, that has been forced from its forest to gratify human curiosity. My earliest wish was to escape unheeded through life ; but I have been set up for halfpence, to fret and scamper at the end of my chain. Though none are injured by my rage, I am naturally too savage to court any friends by fawning. Too obstinate to be taught new tricks, and too improvident to mind what may happen ; I am appeased, though not content. — Too indolent for intrigue, and too timid to push for favour ; I am — But what signifies what I am ?

Ελπίς καί συ τυχή, μεγα χαιρετε τον λήμεν ευρον,
Ουδέν ε μοι χ' υμιν παιζετε τας μετ' εμα.

*Fortune and Hope, adieu ! I see my Port,
Too long your dupe :—be others now your Sport.*

Sir, I have determined, this very hour to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all ; and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman ; who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty—

Lofty. Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation, as well as you. I now begin to find, that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another ; as upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place. I'm determined to resign. (*Exit.*)

Honeyw. How have I been deceived !

Sir Will. No, Sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend for that favour. To Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss Rich. After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which, I find, was more than friendship. And if my intreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country : I will even try, if my hand has not power to detain him.

(*Giving her hand.*)

Honeyw. Heavens ! how can I have deserved all this ? How expresses my happiness, my gratitude ! A moment, like this, overpays an age of apprehension.

Croaker. Well, now I see content in every face ; but heaven send we be all better this day three months.

Sir *Will.* Henceforth nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Honeyw. Yes, Sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors. My vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any. My meanness in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distresses; my friendship for true merit, and my love for her, who first taught me what it is to be happy.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

EPILOGUE*

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BULKLEY.

AS puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure :
Thus on the stage, our Play-wrights still depend
For Epilogues and Prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And makes full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teaz'd each rhyming friend to help him out.
An Epilogue, things can't go on without it ;
It cou'd not fail, wou'd you but set about it.
Young man, cries one (a bard laid up in clover)
Alas, young man, my writing days are over ;
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I ;
Your brother Doctor there, perhaps may try.
What I ? dear Sir, the Doctor interposes ;
What, plant my thistle, Sir, among his roses ?
No, no, I've other contests to maintain ;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-Lane.

* The Author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered, owes all its success to the graceful manner of the Actress who spoke it.

Croaker. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't Ha ! ha !

Croaker. No, for the soul of me ; I think it was as confounded a bad answer, as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

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(Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.)

Croaker. Sir William Honeywood!

Honeyw. Astonishment! my uncle! *(Aside.)*

Lofty. So then my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croaker. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You who have been dreaded by the ins and outs: you who have had your hand to addressees, and your head stuck up in print shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will, for by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir Will. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croaker. Ay, Sir, too well I see it, and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty, in helping him to a better.

Sir Will. I approve your resolution, and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

Enter Mrs. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

Mrs. Croaker. Where's my husband! Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and, I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croaker. I wish we could both say so: however, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you, in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think, we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it. *(Joining their hands.)*

Leont. How blest, and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness! But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And, as for this gentleman, to whom we owe——

Sir Will. Excuse me, Sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. *(Turning to Honeywood.)* Yes, Sir, you are surpris'd to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw, with indignation, the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition, which, tho' inclin'd to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty. Your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship but credulity. I saw with regret, great talents and extensive learning, only employed to add sprightliness to error, and encrease your perplexities. I saw your mind with a thousand natural charms: but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

Honeyw. Cease to upbraid me, Sir; I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes,

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

TH E schoolmen had formerly a very exact way of computing the abilities of their saints or authors. Escobar, for instance, was said to have learning as five, genius as four, and gravity as seven. Cramuel was greater than he. His learning was as eight, his genius as six, and his gravity as thirteen. Were I to estimate the merits of our Chinese Philosopher by the same scale, I would not hesitate to state his genius still higher; but as to his learning and gravity, these, I think, might safely be marked as nine hundred and ninety-nine, without one degree of absolute frigidity.

Yet, upon his first appearance here, many were angry not to find him as ignorant as a Tripoline ambassador, or an envoy from Mujac. They were surprized to find a man born so far from London, that school of prudence and wisdom, endued even with a moderate capacity. They expressed the same surprize at his knowledge, that the Chinese do at ours. "How comes it, (said they), that the Europeans, so remote from China think with so much justice and precision? They have never read our books, they scarcely know even our letters, and yet they talk and reason just as we do *." The truth is, the Chinese and we are pretty much alike. Different degrees of refinement, and not of distance, mark the distinctions among mankind. Savages of the most opposite climates have all but one character of improvidence and rapacity; and tutored

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* Le Comte, vol. I. p. 102

nations, however separate, make use of the very same methods to procure refined enjoyment.

The distinctions of polite nations are few; but such as are peculiar to the Chinese, appear in every page of the following correspondence. The metaphors and allusions are all drawn from the East. Their formality our author carefully preserves. Many of their favourite tenets in morals are illustrated. The Chinese are always concise, so is he: Simple, so is he. The Chinese are grave and sententious, so is he. But in one particular, the resemblance is peculiarly striking: the Chinese are often dull, and so is he. Nor has my assistance been wanting. We are told, in an old romance, of a certain knight-errant and his horse who contracted an intimate friendship. The horse most usually bore the knight; but, in cases of extraordinary dispatch, the knight returned the favour, and carried his horse. Thus, in the intimacy between my author and me, he has usually given me a lift of his eastern sublimity, and I have sometimes given him a return of my colloquial ease.

Yet, it appears strange, in this season of panegyric, when scarce an author passes unpraised, either by friends or himself, that such merit as our Philosopher's should be forgotten. While the epithets of ingenious, copious, elaborate, and refined, are lavished among the mob, like medals at a coronation, the lucky prizes fall on every side, but not one on him. I could on this occasion, make myself melancholy, by considering the capriciousness of public taste, or the mutability of fortune: but during this fit of morality, lest my reader should sleep, I'll take a nap myself, and, when I awake, tell him my dream.

I imagined the Thames frozen over, and I stood by its side. Several booths were erected upon the ice, and I was told by one of the spectators, that FASHION FAIR was going to begin. He added, that every author who would carry his works there,

might probably find a very good reception. I was resolved however to observe the humours of the place in safety, from the shore, sensible that ice was at best precarious, and having been always a little cowardly in my sleep.

Several of my acquaintance seemed much more hardy than I, and went over the ice with intrepidity.

Some carried their works to the fair on sledges, some on carts, and those which were more voluminous, were conveyed in waggons. Their temerity astonished me, I knew their cargoes were heavy, and expected every moment they would have gone to the bottom. They all entered the fair however, in safety, and each soon after returned, to my great surprise, highly satisfied with his entertainment, and the bargains he had brought away.

The success of such numbers at last began to operate upon me. If these, cried I meet with favour and safety, some luck may, perhaps for once, attend the unfortunate. I am resolved to make a new adventure. The furniture, frippery, and fire-works of China, have long been fashionably bought up. I'll try the fair with a small cargo of Chinese morality. If the Chinese have contributed to vitiate our taste, I'll try how far they can help to improve our understanding. But, as others have driven into the market in waggons, I'll cautiously begin by venturing with a wheel-barrow. Thus resolved, I baled up my goods, and fairly ventured; when upon just entering the fair, I fancied the ice, that had supported an hundred waggons before, cracked under me, and wheel barrow and all went to the bottom.

Upon awaking from my reverie, with the fright, I could not help wishing, that the pains taken in giving this correspondence an English dress, had been employed in contriving new political systems or new plots for farces. I might then have taken my station in the world, either as a poet or a philosopher; and made one in those little societies where men club to raise each other's reputation. But at present I

belong to no particular class. I resemble one of those solitary animals, that has been forced from its forest to gratify human curiosity. My earliest wish was to escape unheeded through life ; but I have been set up for halfpence, to fret and scamper at the end of my chain. Though none are injured by my rage, I am naturally too savage to court any friends by fawning. Too obstinate to be taught new tricks, and too improvident to mind what may happen ; I am appeased, though not content. — Too indolent for intrigue, and too timid to push for favour ; I am — But what signifies what I am ?

Ελπίς καί συτυχῆ, μέγα χαιρετε τον λίμεν ευρον,
Ουδέν ε μοι χ' ὕμιν παιζετε τας μετ' εμε.

*Fortune and Hope, adieu ! I see my Port,
Too long your dupe :—be others now your Sport.*

Sir, I have determined, this very hour to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all ; and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman ; who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty—

Lofty. Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation, as well as you. I now begin to find, that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another ; as upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place. I'm determined to resign. (*Exit.*)

Honeyw. How have I been deceived !

Sir Will. No, Sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend for that favour. To Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss Rich. After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which, I find, was more than friendship. And if my intreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country : I will even try, if my hand has not power to detain him.

(*Giving her hand.*)

Honeyw. Heavens ! how can I have deserved all this ? How express my happiness, my gratitude ! A moment, like this, overpays an age of apprehension.

Croaker. Well, now I see content in every face ; but heaven send we be all better this day three months.

Sir *Will.* Henceforth nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Honeyw. Yes, Sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors. My vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any. My meanness in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distresses; my friendship for true merit, and my love for her, who first taught me what it is to be happy.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

EPILOGUE*

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BULKLEY.

AS puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure :
Thus on the stage, our Play-wrights still depend
For Epilogues and Prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And makes full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teaz'd each rhyming friend to help him out.
An Epilogue, things can't go on without it ;
It cou'd not fail, wou'd you but set about it.
Young man, cries one (a bard laid up in clover)
Alas, young man, my writing days are over ;
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I ;
Your brother Doctor there, perhaps may try.
What I ? dear Sir, the Doctor interposes ;
What, plant my thistle, Sir, among his roses ?
No, no, I've other contests to maintain ;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-Lane.

* The Author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered, owes all its success to the graceful manner of the Actresses who spoke it.

EPILOGUE.

Go, ask your manager—Who, me? Your pardon;
Those things are not our fort at Covent-Garden.
Our author's Friends thus plac'd at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
At the Pit door stands elbowing away,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his Friends sit snug,
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise:
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the Good-natur'd Man.

FINIS.

Goldsmith, Oliver, 1728-1774

The miscellaneous works

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